POEMS,

DIVINE,

AND

HUMANE.

BY

THOMAS BEEDOME.

LONDON,

Printed by E. P. for *John Sweeting*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the ſigne of the Angel in Popes-Head-Alley, neer *Cornehill*.

1641.

To the Reader.

BOokes are the pictures of mens lives delineated, firſt by fancy, and by judgement drawne to the life. Such is this peice, the living Idea *of him that writ it, who though now dead, has a living Monument to his worth. His Booke, which deſpight of fire, can never convert to aſhes, 'Tis* Lentum Ilium, *ſlow* Troy; *that will not bee eaſily conſumed; he ſhall live in Paper, which ſhall make him live in's Marble. And in this good Reader, his worth ſhall bee Emergent, he has don many things well, and nothing ill. Therefore receive him as an abſolute teſtimony of wit and fancy, or elſe deceive thy ſelfe, ſince his workes are as excellent, as ſingular.*

HEN. GLAPTHORNE.

On the deceased Authour, Master *Thomas Beedom*, and his Poems.

READER it grieves mee that I cannot bring,
A fresh Encomion, but am fore'd to sing,
A withered Elegie, and onely boast,
The wealth and treasure of a friend that's lost.
Beedom, *I doe admire thy verse; The sweet,*
And gentle cadence of their ordered feet,
Whose couplets kisse, with so divine an Art,
As if the Sibills had about thy heart,
Layd their propheticke Spells, and every line,
Deare Beedom, *I doe season with my brine,*
Though there was salt enough in them before,
To keepe thy bayes still fresh: But I deplore,
As others doe, for there thy Art is showen,
In stealing pitty thus from every one.
For unlesse tributs of some sighs are paid,

Thy

Thy jealous Lover, and thy constant Maid,
Cannot be read, and these all sadly vie,
As true oblations, to thy obsequie.
But when I wander in thy other walkes,
And see the flowers of poesie on their stalkes,
Florish in pride of fancy, I beginne,
Almost to thinke Idolatry no sinne.
For such a perfume breakes the yeelding Ayre,
I am urg'd to offer for thy soule a prayer,
And thinke in that sweet incense, may arise,
My love, and wishes, as a sacrifice.
Thou'lt gaine a strange advantage of thy fate,
That's forc't to valew thee at equall rate,
With the sole Phenix; *for from thy pure dust,*
Thy fame takes wing, and perching on the trust
Of thy firme friend, (though round with envy hurl'd)
Dares with a broad eye looke upon the world,
He being best knowne Beedom, *to thy wit*
Thou wisely mad'st executor to it.
Who not defrauding of the world its due,
Presents thy worke unto the wiser few.
Me thinkes I heare from thy most gratefull clay,
Soft murmurs breake, and speaking seeme to say,
Thanks my deare Wilbore, for thy love and care.
By this my Genius clames an ample share,
For by the Elixir of thy friendly art,
My memory, (which is my better part)

Shall love, which ages hence shall gladly see,
Wrought by the wonder of Loves chimistrie,
And such a Tombe Beedom, *thy friend will make,*
That all consuming time can never shake,
Let others build, Thy that friend am sent,
To bring this first stone to his Monument.

Ed. May.

On

On the death and Poems, of his moſt deare friend, Maſter Thomas Beedome.

VVHy did thy muſe diſplay her eaglets wing, (ſing,
And make a flight at heaven? why did ſhee
Like to the early Larke, when ſhe begunne,
Glad carolls in the eare o'the liſtning Sunne.
Till heavens inhabitants did even conſpire,
To ſnatch thee as a chanter to their quire,
But glorious Beedome, ere he left the earth,
Did give to fame a Monument, a birth.
To ſuch a living fancy, as in ſpight,
Of fate, ſhall like a precious ray of light,
Dwell 'bout his urne, where all the muſes ſit,
Wayling the loſſe of his emergent wit.
And weeping ore his aſhes till their eyes
Inſtead of teares, ſhed mournfull Elegies.
Peneian Daphne, there her armes diſplayes,
As if ſhe would intombe him in her bayes.
And ſhe who Phœbus hot purſuit did ſhunne,
Imbraces the old aſhes of his ſonne.

There a bright troope of Virgins that from farre,
Appeare, resembling every one a starre,
Drown'd in a sea of pearle, doe sadly rise,
From his lov'd true, each one without their eyes.
Wept out, or burning left there, as they'd meant,
Those lights for tapers to his Monument.
Where shall we find at such a time a soule,
That could in flowing numbers even controule,
Arts nimblest currents, and most swiftly glide,
Without least noyse, admir'd before espide.
So have I seene a gentle streame, with sweet,
And fluent motion, softly hast to meet,
Its mother Ocean, and inrich her store,
With a more gratefull tributte then before.
A thousand violent torrents prid, whose waves,
Though lowder, brought lesse musicke to their graves,
His life was all one harmony, and in't death,
Numerous, and full of sweetnesse was his breath,
Expanded like the Swans concluding layes,
In lasting accents, that shall speake his prayses
While Feather-footed time does swiftly passe,
Or has a sand left in his plenteous glasse,
This is my vote, which to thy Booke shall be,
A just applause to thee an Elegie.

Hen. Glapthorne.

On his deserving Friend, Master *Thomas Beedom*, and his Poems.

HOw fond is this age growne! 'twill scarce admit,
Distinction between ignorance and wit,
Each weares the others habit, neither's knowne,
By the wanted proper dresse that was its owne.
And every day new Authors doe appeare,
As they the paper Merchants fellers were,
And boast themselves the muses sons, when they,
Rime onely for some life-preserving pay.
Expect herein such Author, if thou'l looke,
On th' inside more then th' outside of the Booke,
Put on thy judgements eyes, and thou shalt find,
This Authors fancy rich, as was his mind.

W. C.

To

To his Friend the Author, Master *Thomas Beedom* before his death, on these his Poems.

THis is the riming Age, no wonder now
To heare Thalia *whisling at the plow.*
All trafficke with the Muses, tis well knowne
The Scullers boat can touch at Helicon.
Who quaffs not there? doe we not daily see,
Each garded foot-boy belch out Poetrie?
Who so illiterate now, that will refuse,
For some slight Minion to invoke a muse?
Yet honoured friend doe not imagin I,
In the lest tax thy great ability.
I know thee worthy of a better fame,
Then my best study can afford thy name,
I onely would thy reader this informe,
Such empty nothings are thy muses scorne.
Nor doe I wish him slightly to o'retooke,
The highborne fancy, of thy labour'd Booke;

For

For he that scans the Poems *that are thine,*
Must call them raptures, sacred, and divine.
Thou darling of the muses, in whose quire,
Thou sha't sing Peans, to Apollo's *lyre,*
And with his best lov'd Priests in equall state,
Sit justly crown'd, a Poet Laureate.

Em. D.

To

To the Memory of his Ingenious friend, Master *Thomas Beedom*, and on these his Poems.

THer's no just reason Friend that I should write,
Vnlesse I could in swelling sighes indite,
My pregnant griefe, till every line appeares,
A volume of my sorrow writ in teares.
Each syllable, each accent should afford,
Plenteous expression, as the fullest word,
Of ample and unfor'd laments, till all,
I write attend upon thy Funerall,
As Epicedes, *till every accent be*
An Epitaph, *each word an Elegie.*
And wer't not for the life of this thy Booke,
(Which gives me hopes, all life has not forsooke.
Thy much lov'd Memory) I like thee should grow,
Ashes, and never henceforth strive to know,

Life,

Lifes painted glories, but to injoy thee come,
With eager haſt into Elyſium.
But this faire Off-ſpring of thy fancy which,
Is great in magement, in Invention rich,
Makes me behold thee glorious, and I view
By intellectuall eyes in it, thy true
Unſtained Idea, *from her ſpicie pile,*
The new borne Phenix *riſes to beguile,*
The amazed ſpectators, whoſe admiring frame,
The old ones figure, and beleeve't the ſame.
This difference 'twixt thy Booke, and thee muſt lee,
Thou didſt within it, and now it lives for thee.

H. S.

To

To the Memorie of his friend, Master *Thomas Beedom*. And upon his Poems.

MIstake me not, I am not hither come,
With a selfe-seeking-praise Encomium,
I am no Poet, and my worthlesse name,
May but detract, not adde to my friends fame.
I know he will not want more then one friend,
That know his worth, and know it to commend,
And with the next impression, this thin Booke,
I prophesie, shall like a Volume looke.
Thickned with severall Poems *in his praise,*
That all his readers will adde to his bayes,
I come but to unload my heavie eye,
Upon this spare blanke, in an Elegie.
Then let me weepe a sigh-through-mangled verse,
Steep'd deepe in teares, upon his honour'd hearse,
Tell yee he's gone, whose muses early flight,
Gave hopes to th' world, we nere should see a night
Of Poetry, that th' Widdow of those rare men,
Spencer, *and* Drayton, *admir'd* Donne, *great* Ben,
Should now remarried be, but see th'ill lucke,
When just the match was made, oh the rude plucke!

Death

Death ſnatch'd him hence, left Poetry, and us,
To weepe her ſtrine, and in him, our loſſe thus.
Griefe ſtops my eye-ſtreame now, kind reader then,
Lend me a teare till I can weepe agen.
Yet leſt you ſhould believe the teare you lent,
Was but profus'dly waſted, and repent,
Read o're his Booke, remember th' Author's dead,
You'l ſhed one more, that you but one did ſhed.

H. P.

On the *Poems* of his worthy friend, Maſter *Thomas Beedom*, the lately deceaſed Author.

BOoke's are the living Monuments, that keepe
Mens fames alive, when death's eternall ſleepe,
Has ſeal'd their eye-lids up, that give them breath,
Even in their urnes, and tryumph over death.
Such is thy worke, which Beedome *doth diſplay,*
Wit in its prime, and fancy in its May,
Where every Muſe among the ſacred Nine,
Sits as incloſ'd in their owne beauteous ſhrine.
When every line's a Volume, ſhall confute,
Envie, and hare-lipt calumnie, as mute,
As the dumbe tongue of ſilence, ſhall obſcure,
All its detracting off-ſpring, from the pure *View*

View of thy shining and illustrious wit,
Where all the precious attributes are writ,
That might adorne thy youth, or adde true grace,
To thy lamented Memorie, the face,
Of the bright rising Sun, so fresh appeares,
When strait tis drown'd, in heavens o'eflowing teares:
As did thy wit, which like a comet gave
A sudden shine flash, then vanished to a grave,
Where we thy friends, and I among the rest,
As a chiefe mourner, in the Ensignes drest
Of hearty sorrow, sadly seeke to pay,
This as a gratefull tribute, to thy bay,
Which being watred with our briny dew,
Shall still spring up more, flourishing and new.
Till in thy Booke, thy blest memoriall bee,
As is thy soule, fraught with eternitie.
And Beedom, *shall survive in it with glory,*
It being his owne accomplisht perfect story.

R. W.

To

On the Memory of his most Ingenious friend, Master *Thomas Beedome*, and his Poems.

SO many great names fixt before thy Booke,
It cannot Beedome *now descend, to looke,*
For my more humble straines, but love in Art,
Is not compris'd, its Mansion is the heart.
And a small graine of incense, which is given,
With a pure zeale, sure better pleaseth heaven,
Then a vast pile of rich Sabean gums,
Or Altars smoaking with fat Hecatoms.
From feigned devotion, I must therefore say,
All that my infant Muse, now strives to pay,
Unto thy worke, shall onely boast to be
A sacrifice to thy lov'd memorie.
Nor doe I hope (as others) to adorne,
With my quaint lines thy Booke, mine were but borne,

As subjects to thy worth, from whence they strive,
Their utmost fame, and glory to derive.
Their sole ambition being to attend
Thee, with the true devotions of a friend.
Though for thy death I grieve, for this I joy,
That thy faire issue lives, which to destroy,
Time is unable, for thy name shall have,
A glorious life, and triumph ore thy grave.

J. S.

Elegie

Elegie, on his Ingenious friend, the deserving Author, Master *Thomas Beedome*.

HOw silent are the groves? No aire doth move
To make the boughs each other kisse in love,
Nor doe the leaves (as they had jealous feares)
Whisper into each others joyning eares.
Vpon the branches perch no airie quires,
Whose untaught musicke art it selfe admires,
And by an imitation of those notes,
Strain'd from the slender Organes of their throats,
Adds to it selfe perfection, and thereby,
Shewes nature's weake to artfull industry.
The listning heard their quicke sense doe apply,
Not to the wonted use of eare or eye;
As when harmonious ecchoes doe invite
Attention both to wonder and delight.

All creatures have their active motion left,
As if an apoplexie had bereft
Their Limbes of use, and time meant to conclude,
His being in a generall solitude,
Such great effects great causes cannot misse,
And both are equall, both alike in this.
Not Winters Isle hand (the chilly birth,
Of bleake North-winds) have gray'd the verdant earth,
Or shorne the trees crownes making them looke old,
Nor are the tunefull birds grown hoarse with cold.
But Beedome *losse hath wonne on their consent,*
To share a voluntary punishment;
The Aire in boistrous gusts the stout Oke bends,
And his large spreading armes from th'body rends.
That groane for Beedome *as they fall away,*
Who in his barke carv'd many a learned lay,
The birds are voicelesse 'cause they cannot heare
The wonted musicke of his well-tun'd spheare.
Whence they derive our skill knowing nature can
Lesse wonder shew in them, then Art in man,
For him sense-grieved beasts, sad mourners be,
By an instinct or hidden Sympathie.
And had all-changing time heard Beedome *sing,*
He would have knowne no season but the Spring,
Nor would he sure have suffered death to be,
Iudge in the cause of his mortalitie.

But

But have repriev'd his liv'd parts from the Bar,
Till by translation they were made a Star.
Muses unite your teares, now he is gone,
With them creating a new Helicon.
Whose streames may the defect of yours supply,
Which Beedome *whilst he liv'd, drank almost dry:*
And by the power of his owne active fire,
Sublim'd to that your selves may well admire,
Which to his vertue joyn'd conclude him thus,
Still living through them, both to heaven and us.

Tho. Nabbes.

In obitum Lachrymabilem, Thomas Beedome, *nuper defuncti, et in præclara ingenii sui Monumenta, jam primum edita.*

Siccine crudeli cecidisti morte peremptus?
siccine in extremos, justus es ire rogos?
Et vix ingressus teneros lanuginis annos;
Corruis ante diem, blande *Bedome*, tuum.
Quid juvat, ut tremulis ceciniſti docta Camœnis
Carmina? Threiciæ digna legenda lyræ?
Quidve quod auricomum cinxisset pennula frontem?
Umbrasset que tuas laurus amica genas;
Omnia cum nostri sint hæc monumenta doloris:
Quantaque virtus erat, tantus erit que dolor.
Sic in Erithreo pretiosam littore conchan
Cum perdat; Lachrymis prostruit Indus humum.
Sicque super tumulum plorantia lumina salsis
Opprimimus fluviis: noxque fit atra diès;
Cur tamen irriguis guttas soluamus ocellis?
Curve fluit gemitus noster ab ore citus,
Tene per alcithroni sequerentur gaudia luctus?
Tene per astriferam quæreret unda domum!
Non petit assiduos sanctorum mansio planctus;
Convenit haud liquidis flamifer ignis aquis.

Non

Non opus interea eſt tantam deflere ruinam
Opprimet et tantum multa ſunia virum
I nunc magnificos jactato tyranne triumphos,
Mors, et depictis pende trophæa tholis,
Quam fragiles ictus contemptibileſque ſagittæ
Sunt, nec vulneribus lædis urante tuis
Dulciloquis volutans juvenis ſuper æthera ſcriptis
Vivit in aurato nomen opuſque libro,
Atque triumphales redimunt ſua tempora vittæ;
Victor adeſt mortis, fama perennis erit.
Vivit enim certi Immutato pectore amici
Nec potuit tumulo nobiliore frui.

Elegie

Elegie on the death of his ingenious friend, the deserving Author, Master *Thomas Beedome.*

ONce I resolv'd a silence, was content,
With the rare Fabricke of thy Monument,
View'd it compleat, how every friend had strove,
T'exceed each other in a zealous love
To thy blest memory, and I smil'd to see,
Thy name thus rapt in immortalitie,
Yet paid the monuers tribute, teares let fall
As numerous drops at thy sad Funerall.
As did that friend, whose pregnant Muse dares vie,
With griefe it selfe to weepe thy Elegie;
Yet durst not write, my jealousie was such,
It wisely prompt me, I should wrong too much
Thy greater merit, had me rather mourne,
In griefe lov'd silence ore thy quiet urne;

Which

Which I had done, had I not seem'd to heare,
(Once at the offering of a tribute teare.
To thy low'd ashes) a strange murmuring breath,
Breake forth from the still tenement of death,
Thy dismall grave, and in a Language full,
Of incens'd anger, vow to dis-annull
All former friendship, if I should denie,
Mongst other friends to write thy Elegie;
When thus ambiguous twixt my love and feares,
I vented this, attended with my teares.
Strong course of Fate, could he whose generous quill
Bestow'd a life on others, which else still,
Had Laine death's ruines, die himselfe; could he,
Whose powerfull Art spight of sterne destinie,
Breake up forgotten Monuments, and made
The intomb'd Heroes live againe, that swaide
Ore others Fates, yet could this halfe-god creepe,
Into a grave, and in cold Marble sleepe.
What tribe of Angels did invite thee hence,
Their glorious guest? If not, what curst offence,
Hath fond earth given thee? That thou needs must flye,
So young from us, to heavens eternitie.
Or did thy precious soule shake off its clay,
'Cause nought below was worthy of her stay,
And being matcht sse here, did upward move,
There to be rank'd with equall Saints above.

Sure

Sure thus it was, and undeſerving we,
May tax our merit; not thy deſtinie,
Yet glorious Beedome, *though each friend appeares,*
Almoſt thy Emblem, made ſo by his teares,
For thy lamented loſſe, yet when we looke
On this immortall child of wit, thy booke;
Smiles from our cheekes, all former all teares doe drive,
Seeing in it thy fame ſhall ever live.
Time and thy Memory, which no fate can ſever,
Shall laſt like ages, both conclude together.

Em. D.

On

On the *Poems* of the Author, his deare Brother, Maſter *Thomas Beedom* deceaſed.

SIlence would beſt become me, and I feare,
I ſpoile the conſort by intruſion heere.
Tis true, I need not adde unto his praiſe,
Nor bring my ſprig to complement his bayes;
But that the nearenesſe of our birth and name,
Calls me to ſticke my pinion to his fame.
Then Reader know, we have not us'd our brains,
To ſeeke in abſurd, uncivill ſtraines;
Such as might pale the Paper, blacke the Inke,
And cauſe the ghoſt of our dead friend to ſhrinke.

When judgement's eye, his Poems shall discerne:
No, no, 'tis otherwise here thou mayst learne
Thy mirrall duty, and it will appeare,
Mayst please thy God, as well as please thine eare.
He needs must say, that will his worth commend,
He was an Academie to his friend.
And ready was (requested) to supply,
His need with soule, or bodies remedy.

Fran. Beedome.

The

THE IEALOUS LOVER, OR, THE CONSTANT MAID.

Written by *T. B.*

——Sat eſt pro laude Voluptas.——

LONDON:
Printed by E. P. for *John Sweeting*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the ſigne of the Angel, in Popes-head-Alley, neer Cornhill.
1641.

THE AUTHOR, To the READER.

When Johnson, Drayton, *and those happier men*
That can drop wonders from their fluent Pen:
Have with their miracles of Poetry
Feasted thy eares and satisfi'd thy eye;
Then turne aside, and 'mongst the vulgar things,
Place what my new-borne Muse abruptly sings.

Which

The Author, to the Reader.

Which though it be but meane (as it confeſt)
I hath ventured hard to pleaſe thee, ſince the preſt.
If thou ſmile on it, I ſhall thinke my braine
Hath labour'd for this iſſue not in vaine,
If otherwiſe thou doe contemne my layes,
My pleaſur's more to me, then all thy praiſe.

—— Sat eſt pro laude Voluptas. ——

Vale.

THOMAS BEEDOME.

THE
JEALOVS LOVER,
OR, THE
CONSTANT
MAID.

WHat time the noble Britaine did resist,
And vanquish *Roman Cæsar* with his hoast,
Who when he felt their fury did desist,
And fled from *Albions* white-wave-washed coast:
Where the stout Brittaines dy'd with *Roman* blood,
The Sea-greene face of the tumultuous flood.

There dwelt an antient honourable man,
Nere *Sabrin's* shore who was *Cremillus* hight,
In two faire twins his Off-spring first began,
A son and daughter brought at once to light:
Whose beauties with their vertues vy'd in growth,
Which should most grace their infancy and youth.

His son *Cherillus*, but his fairer daughter,
He nam'd *Pandora*: did you never view,
The liquid Christall of a running water,
Streame through some guilded field, where all things (new,

The ſpring had made, to ſuch a place this Maid
Vnhappily (now growne a great one) ſtrai'd.

And while her eyes on the moyſt Element
Did caſt their beames, another ſhape ſhe ſpy'd,
Far above hers, on whom ſuch lives were ſpent,
In *Troy*, for whom ſo many Hero's dy'd:
Thus ſhape the faireſt ſure, that e're was ſhowne,
Was but a meere reflexion of her owne.

While thus ſhe gaz'd on her owne ſhade, ſhe thought,
Oh that I might leape in, and ſeaze yon prize!
It were by death an eaſie purchaſe bought,
For who would live, if not in yonder eyes?
Narciſſus ſo himſelfe himſelfe forſooke,
And dy'd to ſee his ſhadow in a brooke.

As yet the toy we call a Looking-glaſſe,
Wherein our finer Dames behold their faces,
Did reſt unknown, elſe t'had not come to paſſe,
That this bright Maid repleat with all the graces,
Had in an Extaſie thus ſtood amaz'd,
While onely on her lively ſelfe ſhe gaz'd.

Still as ſhe look't, ſhe wiſht ſome gentle fiſh
Might now as once *Arion* it did, beare
Her on the friendly waves, but oh her wiſh
Could not implore an ayde from any there,
For they ſtood wondring that the earth could ſhow
A brighter Nymph then *Neptune* could below.

One

One while she was resolv'd t' assay the water,
And so salute the thing she thought alive:
But then she poiz'd the danger that came after,
Lest she perhaps might never more survive:
Thus betweene joy and feare amaz'd she stood,
Viewing the wonders of the silver flood.

And as it chanc't to shade her from the Sun,
Vnto her brighter face she rai'd her hand,
She thought her shade did beckon her to come
To *Thetis* Arbor, and forsake the Land:
Who had done so, had not a neighbouring brier,
Seiz'd her lov'd coat, and made her so retire.

Injurious weed (quoth she) why hast thou staid
Me from a happinesse I might have had?
Receive the just curse of a spotlesse Maid,
Mayst thou be henceforth held a thing so bad,
So rough, that all may hate thee: thus having sed,
It since remaines with prickles overspred.

By this, *Cherillus*, who had long time since
Follow'd sterne *Mars*, in the blacke field of wars,
Was home return'd from service of his Prince,
But wearing the true souldiers colours, scars:
And time, to doe him now the greater grace,
Had gratted well-set haires upon his face,

Who as he past along, and seeing her,
Whom he not knew, (such difference time had made)

He tooke her to be *Cupids* messenger,
To teach him after war the woing trade:
He leanes his hand upon his pom. Il straight,
And eas'd his courser of its noble waight.

Fairer then I can speake (thus he began)
Whose presence makes this place the Elisian fields,
Why hast thou robb'd all whitenesse from the Swan,
And stole that colour which the Corall yeilds?
Why from thy head flowes such a golden traine,
That thou alone are all thy Sexes staine?

Why doe those Snowye-balls thy breasts appeare,
Whiter then *Leda*, in her Virgin new?
Why dost thou make a spring through all the yeare,
And by thy presence make the earth still new?
Why doe those stars thy eyes, exceed yon higher,
And *Phœbus* thence draw all his light and fire?

Why art thou all so exquisite, that art
Though joyn'd with nature to their height of skill,
Would draw some peice deform'd in every part,
Not worth description from the meanest quill,
If but compar'd with that rare forme of thine?
For thou canst be no lesse then all divine.

Daigne Goddesse, (for I know thou art no lesse)
T'immortalize me in thy heavenly love,
By thy blest grant thy Deity expresse,
So thou shalt make me happier then *love*:

Cou

Could make himſelfe, when in a golden ſhower,
He pierc'e the rooſe of his lov'd *Danaes* Tower.

Thus as he ſpake, he ſeiz'd her Lilly hand,
Which ſeem'd within his warming palme to melt,
But with its ſnowy touch he ſeem'd to ſtand,
As it had flames into his boſome dealt:
Her modeſt face like the now drooping Roſe,
Lookt toward earth from whence it firſt aroſe.

And have you never ſeene the tyred Hare,
Stand trembling at the Hunters hollow cry,
Chac't by the Dogges, could no where now repaire,
Where it conceiv'd not certainly to dye:
Even ſo *Pandora* trembles while ſhe heares
His words, which moved nothing but her feares.

She feares the ſtrangers heats, begot from luſt,
And ſo might dare t'infringe her Virgins Zone,
And tis no ſmall addition to miſtruſt,
To thinke how now they onely are alone.
At ſuch a time foule *Tarquin* raviſht thee,
Faire *Lucrece*, backt by opportunitie.

Thou need'ſt not feare fond Girle a wanton flame,
Some live in him who is indeed no other,
Then the joint partener that with thee came,
From the rich wombe of thy all-vertuous mother:
Tis rare one ſpring ſhould ſend forth various wate
He's a chaſt ſon, and thou as chaſt a daughter.

Thus after many a pauſe, her panting ſpirit,
Which all this while lay ſecret and retir'd,
Gave leave, his eares ſhould now her breath inherit,
Then which, *Cherillus* nothing more deſir'd:
Twice ſhe began, ſtill from her purpoſe brake,
At laſt ſhe op't her Corall lips, and ſpake.

Sir, you much injure others in the worth,
Which you'r miſprizing judgement ſets on me,
Since thouſands more are every way ſet forth,
With richer beauties then you here can ſee.
Tis leſſe then juſt, your Complement ſhould raiſe
Me paſt the Centre of a common praiſe.

If this were true, *Philarus* had ſmall cauſe,
To fly from what he wiſheth to embrace,
For ſtill his love finds ſome reſerved clauſe,
(Perhaps ſome ſtraines in my leſſe comely face)
Or elſe perhaps ſuſpition may move
His thoughts to run the jealous maze of love.

Be't as it will, know Sir, that I have vow'd,
My faith ſhall ſtill lay anchor in his heart,
Nor other love ſhall ever be allow'd,
To claime in me the meaneſt, ſmalleſt, part:
But onely my *Philarus*, to whoſe eyes
My panting heart doth offer ſacrifice.

T'isnot my aime to traine you in a hope,
That you may conquer what I ne're will yield:

My

My leave is free, and you may make your scope,
To win the honor of some other field:
My fort already summon'd, did accord,
To be the captive of another Lord.

Therefore if you are noble, as you seeme,
Surrender what you keepe so fast, my hand:
No better then a thiefe we him esteeme,
Who wrongfully keepe backe another Land:
The crime's augmented, when tis clearly knowne,
That what he doth detaine, is not his owne.

Looke how a guilty prisoner at the bar,
Is startled with the sentence of his death:
So poore Cherillus, or more fearfull far,
Shakes at the sound of her condemning breath:
Her voice astonish'e valor deepe then,
Than hertofore an armed hoast of men.

Denyall from some other might admit,
At least the party power to reply;
But in this rare position of her wit,
All adverse contradictions seeme to dye.
For if Pandora once deny thee, know,
All negatives are bounded in her no.

He whose bold hand durst venter for a prize,
Against opposed Armies clad in steele,
Quakes like a coward, while her conquering eyes
Enforce his recreant courage backward reele.

Her powerfull lookes dart forth such awfull charmes,
As might subdue wars God, though in his armes.

Cupid, thy force is foil'd, not all thy might
Can make thy new-made Champion on to venture;
Or if he durst, her frowne in thy despight,
Would kill the yongster ere he once could enter:
There's not an arrow from thy bow doth flie,
Can pierce, if't bee not poynted with her eye.

Leave off thy dolorous way of pricking hearts,
Why dost thou put poore lovers to such paine?
Why dost thou spend thy stocke to purchase darts?
Hadst thou thy sight, thou'st nere doe so againe,
Were there a world of *Cupids*, by her eyes
Shee'd bring to every one a severall prize.

Cherillus thus by chast *Panelara* taught
Nobly desists, from what he durst not claime;
Nor did he now so much as owne a thought,
Of what before he made his greatest aime.
Onely in parting 'twas his chiefest blisse,
When words were uselesse, to obtaine a kisse.

Which modestly was granted, for the name
Of manners were infring'd, had she deny'd:
Happ'ess. I *hilo us* in the instant came
VVho swe'd to see another man divide
His joyes in her, who having this obtain'd
His thoughts possesse him he might morehave gain'd.

VVherefore

VVherefore (the other being gon) he said,
Deluding Syren, Angell, but in show;
Thou hast in this thy flaming lust bet aid,
but in a hope that I should never know.
Yet see the Gods have justly fixt the time
That thy false lips gave seale unto my crime.

As if thy leave were licenst to abuse
Thy Friend, so he might satisfie thy lust:
Oh tell me, what delusions didst thou use
To worke him to the mischiefe; for he durst
Naked as well have hugd a Scorpion
As thee, hadst thou not train'd the way or on.

Oh! who durst sacrilegiously steale
Ought from that heavenly temple of thy face,
Wert thou not privy, didst thou not reveale
How he might doe to rob thee of thy grace?
And yet me thinkes that face keepes still in store
Sufficient graces for a thousand more.

But oh it is too manifest! my eyes
Are able witnesses of the deceit,
And this yet more suspition satisfies,
How at my onset he made his retreat.
And tis the act of guilt to take its flight
When once it is discovered by our sight.

Accurst creator of thy lasting shame,
VVhy hath thy lust out-worne thy fleeting love?

VVhy

Why dost thou willing wound thy bleeding fame
And after all thy oathes a recreant prove ?
Gape earth, receive this Candid devill in,
Least she infect more angells with her sin.

Oh! hadst thou beene ambitious, to have tasted
Variety in pleasures then, oh then,
Thou mightst have studied how to have them lasted,
By yeelding up thy fame to severall men :
And here have falsly vow'd thy faith to one,
Which impudence durst sweare was me alone.

Speake, Traytor to thy honour and thy friend,
What plaster canst thou make to heale this sore ?
Or what excuse can on thy crime attend ?
Oh see thy guilt now blushes more and more !
As if that fraine which thou wouldst faine denie,
Were printed there before my reading eye.

Wherefore I now will study to be free,
My thralled heart shall stand no longer bound,
The despis'd servant of thy faith and thee,
I leave neglected what with joy I found.
This fatall minute shall our loves dissever,
So false *Pandra*, here farewell for ever.

This said, *Philoras* from the Virgin flyes,
While she (poore heart) was drowned in the flood
Of teares, which like a sea sprung from her eyes,
And watred all the earth whereon she stood.

Who

Who like poore ſtone-turn'd *Niobe* did ſtand,
A floating ſtatue on the moving Land.

The neighbouring river mourn'd to heare her fate,
The bluſtring winds did chide the hollow trees,
While they conſulting to participate
Her griefe, doe all their verdant garments leeſe.
The birds tell heaven, and heaven to ſhew its pitty,
Bid *Philomela* ſing a mournfull Ditty.

A Poet then imploring of the Nine,
To lend him ayd her ſtory to indite;
Melpomene ſaid, no, this worke is mine,
But griefe denies me power how to write.
Thus ſhe that can write buskin-deepe in blood,
Is drown'd with our *Pandora* in this flood.

Oh griefe, if ever mourning did become
Thy meager face, 'twas when *Pandora* wept;
She numbred up her ſighes beyond all ſum,
And ſorrowes Court within her countenance kept.
She was compos'd of dolor, and in briefe,
The liveliеſt Emblem of the perfectſt griefe.

Ah falſe *Philarus*, didſt thou ſee thoſe teares,
Which thy chaſt love poures forth in thy diſlike;
The object would affright thy jealous feares,
And to thy heart an awfull reverence ſtrike.
Earth never bore a ſubject of more ruth
Then this, who ſuffers onely for her truth.

When

VVhen the ſalt flood had drawne the fountaine dry,
That ſcarce another teare could find a vent,
Nor was there hope of any new ſupply,
Since all her moiſture was conſum'd and ſpent:
Still to her griefe freſh matter ſhe affords,
As then in teares, ſo now ſhe weepes in words.

VVherefore (quoth ſhe) blind Love didſt thou enthrall
My faith ſo firmely to *Philorus* ſoule?
Or if thou canſt, my ſealed pledge recall,
Since my *Philorus* thinkes *Pandora* foule.
Yet witneſſe heaven, I am as pure as Aire,
Diana's not more chaſt, although more faire.

The congeal'd ſnow upon the Alpin Mountaine
Retaines as much of fier as my breſt,
And in the coole ſpring of a Chryſtall fountaine
As much deſire, as in my heart doth reſt.
Oh jealouſie, why ſhould *Philorus* thinke
The Candid paper blacker then the Inke?

VVhat ſin (good Gods) have wretched I committed,
That you ſhould thunder vengeance on my head?
Yet all my ſuffrings of my Love unpittied:
Bluſh *Sol*, at this unjuſtice hide thy head:
For if thou ſpie my wrongs, they would require
Thou ſhould'ſt in their revenge ſcourge earthby fier.

VVhy nature did thy choicer hand create
Me to a forme by ſome ſtil'd excellent?

Since

Since what was purpos'd to my beſt of fate
Preposterously turnes to my detriment?
Oh who then me was ever more accurſt,
VVhoſe seeming beſt is chang'd to reall worſt?

Oh hadſt thou cheated me of ſome one limbe,
Deform'd my face, or rob'd me of an eye,
I here had beene thought guilty of a ſin,
Nor given occaſion to this jealouſie.
Thoſe that are foule ſtill unſuſpected go, (ſo.
VVhile fair ones (though more chaſt) are not thought

Happy are you in whoſe creation
Baniſht perfection was an abſent ſtranger:
But think how much hath beauty of temptation,
And then you'l bleſſe the Gods you'r out of danger.
VVhere various flowers in the garden growse,
VVe paſſe the bramble, but plucke up the roſe.

Yet grant that forme be thought a happineſſe
VVhich doth againſt temptations batteries vie,
Beauty though it come off with good ſucceſſe,
Is wounded ſtraight by poyſonous jealouſie.
Thus like a Monſter miſchiefe doth purſue it,
And no endeavours can at all eſchew it.

Now ſorrowfull *Pandora* takes her way
Through the thick woods (which is a large proceſſion)
No matter where; griefe cannot go aſtray,
Since ſhe hath vow'd perpetuall progreſſion

Till

Till she may once more her *Philorus* spye,
Which but perform'd, it were a blisse to dye.

Death now were welcome, were *Philorus* pleas'd;
To dye ere that, were torture in the grave,
Left angry he by jealousie diseas'd,
Should after death against her ashes rave,
Or left her ghost which hourely must come see him,
He fright with frownes, and so inforce it flee him.

Heere unfrequented, save with savage beasts,
She spends the tedious minutes of her age:
Her eyes upon the severall sights she feasts,
While sorrow triumphs in her equipage:
The greedy earth cast off her covering grasse,
To looke upon her as she by did passe.

The savage Tyger when it came her neare,
Stoop't to the splendor of her conquering eyes:
The tusked Bore that broke *Adon's* speare,
Croucht downe to her, whose mercy bid it rise:
Who then in duty gently to her came,
And hence it is that some have since beene tame.

The winged birds from heaven came downe in quires,
Each one by turne did sing his roundelay,
Whose aiery notes still up againe aspires,
Which being ended each bird flyes away,
To get new Songs: thus by their various layes,
Each scales a little sorrow from the dayes.

The

The now-growne gentle Satyres did invite
The wood-Nymphes to compoſe a meaſur'd dance,
Each thing affords ſome matter of delight,
As glad her downe-caſt lookes they might advance:
The little Ermin can afford its skin,
From the cold Aire to wrap her hands therein.

The trees did gladly ſpread their open armes,
To ſhade her roſes from the blowing wind,
And lapt their leaves ſo cloſe, no ſoe thing harmes
Could burne her lillies when *Apollo* ſhin'd.
The pittying *Bear* when it heard her grone,
Leſt ſhe ſhould faint, bites out his Cordiall ſtone.

By chance a pin her tender finger prickt,
At which there ſtartled out a drop of blood,
The which as ſoone as from it ſhe had lickt,
The trees wept balſam for her greater good.
Still as ſhe ſigh'd, the friendly Vnicorne
Offers that precious Antidote, his horne.

The hunger-bitten Lyon greedy came,
Thinking to ſeaze her body for a pray,
But when he ſaw her, ſtraight was turned tame,
And at her feet for mercy proſtrate lay.
While his dumbe reverence ſeem'd to tell the Maid,
He mourn'd to thinke how he made her afraid.

Thus like the Queene of earth ſhe ſate admir'd
By theſe, the ſenſeleſſe ſubjects of the wood,

Onely

Onely the Monster-griefe had not retired,
But by Its fury feasted on her blood.
VVhile thus to give these notice of her wrong,
She vents her sorrow in this following Song.

The Song.

MY *Philarus* is unkind
How should I choose but grieve at that?
VVhat joy, what comfort can I have,
Save in a wisht-for, timelesse grave.
Since all my hopes are dead in him?
He can give ease to this my moan,
And but in him I can have none.

Pitty, pitty, gentle Love,
For griefe enough torments my heart,
VVhy shouldst thou pitty me since I
VVithout *Philarus* living dye?
There is no hope I may revive,
For jealous thoughts possesse his mind:
How should *Philarus* then be kind?

Answer heaven, is this just,
That he that loves should jealous be?
Is there union with the Gods
That place in mortall soules such oddes?

Mortali

Mortality will curse the Fates.
Let all chast Lovers weep with me,
And in these streams drown jealousie.

Overcomming so the fiend
Love may knit our hearts in one;
Oh that the conquest now were won,
So were all my sorrowes done,
Which must else for aye abide:
Then might I injoy my love,
Whose neglect these passions move.

Otherwise it's be decreed;
That griefe in love must end my life,
Let (gentle Gods) Hilaria know
Though thought unchast, I am not so.
So when I sleep within my Vrne,
'Twill be my comfort to have dy'd,
Since his suspition's satisfi'd.

Some two yards hence a neighboring thicket grew,
Where languishing Philaria us'd to lye,
Who when he heard this Ditty, straightway knew,
Love-wrong'd Pandora did complaine thereby.
Wherefore once more to try her constant faith,
Disguis'd he enters to her, and thus saith.

Why darling mortall, art thou bold to presse
Here these untroden kingdomes? in these Groves

Can ſavage creatures ſuccor the diſtreſſe
Of whining Virgins for their abſent Loves?
Can ſenſeles earth tell how to eaſe thy griefe,
Or can the bluſt ing winds blow thee reliefe?

Where canſt thou houſe thy ſelf, where wilt thou dwell?
When Hyems rageth, whence wilt thou get fire?
In all theſe woods I know, ſave my one Cell,
No place where thou diſtreſſed canſt retire.
Canſt thou eate graſſe, or look'ſt thou to be fed
With beares for fleſh, and rocks or ſtones for bread?

But love me faireſt, and by ſtrength of arme
From the wild creatures I will rend their pray,
By ſacred ſpells of my inchanting charme,
Ile force *Pomona* her ſweet fruits to pay.
Ceres ſhall now ſtudy to make a birth
Of ripened corne in this untilled earth.

To gratifie this Love young *Ganimede*,
When *Ioue's* a ſleepe ſhall ſteale a lourny downe:
And at thy gorgeous table when 'tis ſpread,
Shall thy full cups with heavenly Nectar crowne.
Inſtead of Oakes round whom the Ivy twines,
Bacchus ſhall plant the Wine-begetting Vines.

Thou ſhalt drinke *Lethe* and forget thy love,
Since he ſo coldly meetes thy zealous fires,
What reaſon i'ſt thou ſhouldſt ſo conſtant prove,
To him that ſees, and yet ſlights thy deſires?

Faire

Faire Maid unlocke thy lips, and let me know
Thy instant grant, for I'le admit no No.

First then (quoth she) let death dispatch a dart,
And ayme the fatall poynt against my breast,
Or else swell high my griefe and split my heart,
So shall my virgin ghost in quiet rest,
Ah my *Philemon*, where soere thou be,
This woe is begotten from thy jealousie.

Base man desist, or else with your vile faire,
Your forcing lust shall hideously affright,
Ile hang my selfe within my flowing haire,
Ere thou shalt touch *Philemon* deare delight:
And after death my ghost shall racke thy sense,
Ther's no worse plague then guilt of conscience.

At this he backward mov'd his gentle pace,
And scarce his manly eyes from teares forbeare,
His sorrow now was written in his face,
The which he had least the maid should there,
His heart now melts to see the mourning Maid,
While thus unto himselfe he softly said.

Heavens milkie way may sooner be prophan'd
By spurious feet, the Phœnix though but one
Be found no virgin, and what ere is nam'd,
Sacred, may suffer prophanation,
The Sun forget his way into the West,
And drive his teame into the North to rest.

The Swan may change his whitenesse with the Crow,
Diana be a common prostitute,
And dirt may weare a whiter face then snow,
Vesta may *Vestas* Temple now pollute.
Preposterous Nature may bring forth a birth
Of fishes swimming in the solid earth.

Fier and water may embrace each other,
And then united both make up one flame.
And *Iove* may change his Thron with his black brother,
The Furies may obtaine a milder name.
The Wolfe and Lamb may from the selfe-same dug
Draw milke, and then each other friendly hug:

The generous Lion may exchange his heart,
For the weake courage of the timorous Hare,
The fixed staires may from their stations part,
And false-hood upon earth may become rare.
What ere is cald impossible, may spring
To be as copious as the commonst thing.

Chastities selfe may yeeld to strong temptation,
Ice may be tickled with a wanton heate,
The *Ethiop* changed to a milke white Nation,
And *Manna* may become the damneds meate:
Ere my *Pandora* can give up her name
To be the common place of publike shame.

All Affections that are plac't in man,
As jealousie that makes him most accurst:

at makes a Raven of the snowye Swan,
d what is simply pure, that faineth worst.
Hence loath'd suspition thou no more shalt find,
An easie welcome to my credulous mind.

r if Pandora should decline from good,
nd intertaine one single thought of sin,
hould the least warmth dissolve her frozen blood,
r in one breath should she draw poyson in,
Heavens finding spots in this rich pearle of theirs,
Would give me notice of it by their teares.

The glorious Sun who heretofore was proud
n his swift course, to stand and gaze upon her,
Would frowne, and wrap his beauty in a cloud,
To give me notice of her great dishonor.
Her crime though private, cannot scape my sence,
Since heavens must needs give me intelligence.

With that he turning to her (fai e quoth he,)
Could you forgive *Philorus* jealousie,
Did he repent? while straight replyed she,
Else let me heaven without thy mercy die.
Loe then his perfect shape I here discover,
Who now growes proud of such a constant Lover.

Blest Heaven! in what an amorous twine they twist,
As if both bodies were compact in one:
And while she wept, joyfull *Philorus* kist
The chastest lips that ere creation

Could

Could boast selfe all these stormes had driven
Her faith from him as farre, as hell from heaven.

When love and wonder gave them leave to speake,
Each did rety their soules to th'others breast,
Which knot suspition shall want power to breake,
Since he doth now his former thoughts detest.
Now joy lends wings while both together flie
And tell her father all this historie.

Which having heard, he payes heavens thanks in teares,
That had restor'd the jewell which he lost,
And now acquited all those dismall teares,
Which had so many weeping minutes lost.
Blushing Cherillus now salutes his sister,
And thanks the Gods that he unknown had mist her.

All sorrow now is wip't from every eye,
Ther's not a face that weares a mournfull looke.
Laughter triumphs, while meager griefe doth dye,
As if fate had displayd some jocund booke,
Which the by-standers reading, joy to see
How there their joy's writ for eternitie.

Her father *now* unites their equall fires,
Since *Hymen* pitie of Fate did so command.

All

All union liv'd in their conjoynt desires,
Each soule lay pawnd in to thers plighted hand,
Where they rest happy; thus those Loves doe thrive,
VVhom Chastity through stormes still keepes alive.

Loves Choyce.

True, whose sole Objects Vertue, I doe love;
True love, whose only Lords delight,
Is like a Basilisk unto my sight.
That, though before, hath fixt his thoughts abrut
This, though abrute, A Beautish shape will take,
And leave a Nunn, for his Nunns sake.
So where your Love, & your chast choice may rest,
There Beauty in ye Mynde, then in ye Cheeke.

FINIS.

PLATES.

POEMS.

To his Miſtreſſe, when ſhee was going into the Country.

YEs, yes, it muſt be ſo, but muſt there be,
When you depart, no memory had of mee,
My ſoule being rack't as large a diſtance too
To meete you there, as I muſt be from you,
While the glad ſpring for joy you ſhall be ſeene
Meete your approach, and cloath her ſelfe in greene,
And the freſh morning to ſalute your riſe,
Bedewes the ground from it's o're joyed eyes,
For joy like griefe, we know, ſometimes appeares,
Writ on our cheekes, with characters of teares.
Goe and be happy, goe, and when you ſee
The truſty Ivy claſpe it's much loved tree,
And with it's amorous intwinings cover
The welcome waſte of it's imbraced lover:
Thinke it our Embleme then, and prov'd to be
The happy ſhadow of my love and mee.
Goe and be happy, and when ſome ſweete brookes
(Calme as thy thoughts, and ſmooth as are thy lookes)
Show thee thy face, think on thy thoughts ſupply
And though I be not there, I am by.

For if the heart be taken for whole man,
I muſt be by thee, be thou where thou can.
Goe, and when pretty birds on ſome ſmall ſpray,
Neere to thy window welcome in the day:
Awake, and thinke, when their ſweete notes you heare,
I was before-hand, and had ſung them there.
Goe, and what e're thou chance to heare or ſee,
Be it bird, or brooke, or ſhade or tree;
If it delights thee, may my ſoule in it
Move thy true joyes under that counterfeit.
So, aſke not how I doe when you are there,
For at your mercy well or ill I fare.
For now me thinkes my heart ſo high doth ſwell,
It muſt inforce a breath, farewell, farewell.

The Knell.

When the ſad tolling of my bell you heare,
Thinke tis ſome Angells trumpe, and Judgments neere
Then if but to repent, you take the paine,
Your judgements paſt, lye downe and ſleepe againe.

The Perfume.

Not that I thinke thy breath leſſe ſweete than this,
Thy breath, in which no pleaſant ſweets I miſſe,
Not that I thinke thy white, than this leſſe faire,
Thy white, to which all whites but blackneſſe are:
Not that I thinke thy heart, than this leſſe pure,
Thy heart, which no dull mixture can indure,
Send I this to thee, but as gold well try'd,
Admits allay when it is purifi'd,

So by this foyle I would to thee impart
What is thy breath, thy whitenesse, and thy heart;
Thy breath, all perfumes, doth as farre out-goe,
As doth thy whitenesse, the descending snow:
The snow descends, but by the winds being blowne,
Thy sweeter breath, and whiter snowes, thine owne:
Thy heart lesse mixt than the sole Phœnix bed,
Proclaimes thee mistresse of a Maiden head,
And so there were no ashes after fire,
Would that were conquer'd in my loves desire.
But if there be, why can it not suffice?
That one being dead another Phœnix rise.
Thy maiden head being gone, we still shall prove,
Both being one unparalell'd in love,
But I have riddl'd, let me now unfold,
What is the perfume, what the snow, what gold;
All this, and each of these, thou know'st thou art,
And I should know more, did I know thy heart.

To his Mistresse on her scorne.

Resolve mee dearest, why two hearts in one
Should know the sinne of separation.
Must the sweete custome of our oft stolne kisse,
Be lost, and wee live empty of those blisses:
Or do the frownes of some old over seer
Nourish thy feare, or make thy love lesse freer?
Why did'st thou suffer mee those sweets to steale,
Which but thine own, no tongue can e're reveale,
And prompt mee to a daring, to believe,
That my sad heart should find no cause to grieve:
Yet now at last hast mockt my hope so farre,
That I have met a cloud, though meant a starre.

Well, take thy tryumph, ſtudy but to be
True to thy ſelfe, as thou art falſe to mee.
And thou ſhalt meet a conqueſt, yet when I
Have groan'd unto the world my Elegy,
And thy unjuſt diſdaine, perhaps I ſhall
Obtaine this honour in my funerall.
Thy poyſonous guilt mixt with thy purged breath,
May make thee wither with mee unto death:
So ſhall I triumph in my Aſhes too,
In that my innocence hath conquer'd you,
And then my eye rejoyce, in that I have
Thy ſcorne, to be a mourner at my grave.

The Queſtion and Anſwer.

WHen the ſad ruines of that face
In it's owne wrinkles buried lyes,
And the ſtiffe pride of all it's grace
By time undone, fals ſlacke and dyes:
Wilt not thou ſigh, and wiſh in ſome vext fit,
That it were now as when I courted it.

And when thy glaſſe ſhall it preſent,
Without thoſe ſmiles which once were there,
Showing like ſome ſtale monument,
A ſcalpe departed from it's haire,
At thy ſelfe frighted wilt not ſtart and ſweate
That I beleeved thee, when I call'd thee faire?

Yes, yes, I know thou wilt, and ſo
Pity the weakneſſe of thy ſcorne

That now hath humbled thee to know,
Though faire it was, it is forlorne,
Loves sweetes, thy aged corps, embalming not,
What marvell if thy carkasse beauty rot.

Then shall I live, and live to be
Thy envie, thou my pitty; say
When e're thou see mee, or I thee,
(Being nighted from thy beauties day)
'T is hee, and had my pride not wither'd mee,
I had, perhaps, beene still as fresh as hee.

Then shall I smile, and answer: true thy scorne
Left thee thus wrinkled, slack't, corrupt, forlorne.

The new Petition.

Apollo once disdained not to keepe,
So he might keepe, his love Admetus sheepe:
The distaffe Hercules did exercise,
T'extract a smile from his deare Ladies eyes:
Olympicke Joane disdained not to take
A bull's effigies for Europus sake:
Achilles fitter farre to deale with steele,
Did labour for his Mistresse at the reele.
Love-spar'd Leander his pledg'd faith to save,
Died, hugging in his armes the murdering wave.
Whil'st a new death his Heroe doth devise,
And drownd her selfe ith Ocean of her eyes.
By Pyramus, the world did understand
That love and life, lay linked hand in hand.

When one was loſt in Thisbe, th'other flew,
Through the peirc't portals of his wound, yet new;
Which when his Thisbe ſaw, 'tis hard to ſay,
Whoſe ſpirit poſted faſteſt on the way.
Thus ſome dejection, others did invade
Great oppoſition, and have willingly laid,
Their lives at needleſſe hazzard, ſome have died,
And ſo have to the utmoſt ſatisfied
What tyrant love could force, and beyond this,
The great and true *non ultra* fixed is.
Yet happy this, ſince what ſo e're they tryed,
Was on their Miſtreſſe part regratified.
Oh who would, when he ſaw an equall flame
Of love in her he lov'd, owe ſo much ſhame
As to eſteeme his life, if her leaſt griefe,
Did but invite his blood for her reliefe
But this forenamed courteous Ghoſts can beare
Mee witneſſe, I have ſhed full many a teare,
Spoke the beſt language, Rhetoricke affords,
Limb'd out my heart even to the life in words,
Would, what they did, did like occaſion proffer,
And till that, do I can no more, but offer.
And yet for all my ſufferings, Shee that is,
If I dare reach to call her ſo, my bliſſe,
Slighes all my ſorrowes; Oh what eye could now
Forbeare to yeeld a teare, when ſeeing how
I love, I am neglected; weepe with mee
All you that read my wrongs, ſo if you be
Compaſſionate, perhaps your teares may move
The frozen Mercy of my ice-white love.
Which if they doe, if you at any time
Shall want a drop, I'le lend you ſome of mine.
Methinkes I ſee you weepe deare Miſtreſſe then,

Bch

Behold a Noble ſea of pittying men
Doth waft mee to your ſavour, if you daigne,
Yet now at laſt to eaſe mee of my paine,
This glory ſhall unto your mercy riſe,
That you have wip'tall teares from lovers eyes.

Fooles Paradiſe, or Reaſon Bewitcht.

——& apta

Spicula ſent nobis puris——

Simple as are the Elements unmixt,
Stedfaſt as is the earth, whoſe footing's fixt
Untainted like the ſilver ſuite of Swan,
Alone like truth, well ordered like a man.
Like theſe in each of theſe was I, untill
Upon a time, Reaſon fell foule with Will,
Who back't with ſence, that it might battaile move
Implor'd the ayde of all commanding Love,
Love by his mother taught, doth ſoone comply
To be an Actor in this treachery.
The battell's wag'd, and Reaſon flyes the field,
While Sence and Will to Love the Conqueſt yeeld.
I now, loves ſubject, am inforc't to doe
What ever his deſignes commands mee too.
See, ſee (quoth hee) do you behold that maid,
Whoſe equall doth not breathe; and there he ſtaid
To draw freſh aire. So quicke was hee to give
Mee notice that I muſt no longer live
In my owne ſelfe, but her whom when I ſpy'd,
Mee thought I had beene happy to have dy'd.
Since I at once ſaw ſeverally in one
What joyn'd together made perfection,

This was Florella, that bright shining starre,
Who might have caused a second Trojan warre.
Were there a second Paris, for her face,
The world might strive, but then there sate a grace
So chast, that might expell each spurious thought.
Such as foule Hellen to her Paris brought.
There I might read in my Florella's lookes,
(Such are indeed beauties most perfect bookes)
Loves pleasant Lecture, where I might espie
How Cupid once sought entrance at her eye,
Whom she repell'd, like snow the chast and cold
Could not admit a Sympathy to hold,
With his hot flames, but melting quite put out
That ardent fire which warm'd her round about.
Cupid denied of this did backward start,
And ran for hast to hide him in her heart,
Where he renewed fresh flames, and by delay,
So scorcht his wings he could not fly away.
Thus force perforce in her my conquer'd breast
Is the poore Inne of such a God-borne guest,
Whom while I harbor, it is hard to tell
Whether his presence be a Heaven or Hell.
Such pleasurable paine, such painfull pleasure
Sometimes below, and sometimes above measure.
Mars on a time forsooke his Venus bed,
Protesting he no longer would be led
To those embraces, which like Circes charmes,
Made him forget the Heroicke use of Armes.
Venus heard this, whiles halfe in anger shee
Did thrust her darling Cupid off her knee.
Downe falls the youngster, and in falling so
Broke all his Arrows, quiver and his bow,
His grandame Nature pitying the mischance,

Wipes

Wipes the wagges eyes, told him she would advance
Him to his former office: for a dart
That should transfixe the most obdurate heart,
She would create an eye, and for a bow
She'd make a brow, whose art inclining so,
Should shoote such shafts, that deity should yeeld
Themselves glad prisoners in the maiden field,
When streight she made Florella, such a maid,
Who being nam'd, need there ought else be said?
'Tis not long since that I heard Lovers whine
At those deepe wounds, which from their Mistris eyne
They bleeding had receiv'd, cause they could winne
No mercy from them, whilst I thought some pinne
Had scratch't their tender hands, till I too late
Grew sensible they were unfortunate
In their lost loves, 'cause when Florella frownd,
Shee like a Comnet strucke mee to the ground,
Till shee was pleas'd to cleare her glorious eyes,
Which summon'd mee from death to life to rise.
Wherefore you speedy Merchants doe you runne
Beyond the bounds of the all-bounding Sunne,
To seeke for Rubies, Pearle, and Ivory,
Adventuring lizard both of Land and skie,
When my Florella can afford all this
Without your search in the tumultuous Seas.
Rubies and Pearle, her lips and teeth, her skinne,
Like hollow Ivory, lockes those gems within,
For which you fondly up and downe doe rome,
When you may better find this wealth at home,
What would the Northerne Climate hold you deare
To purchase my Florella to live there?
That where the niggard sure denies to shine,
They might receive more lustre from her eyne.

But

But that I know she loves Religion best,
She had long since, seene India the West,
But least those Pagans, who adore the rise
Of the bright Sunne, should doate upon her eyes,
She was resolv'd to stay: woe had I bin
Had she gone thither to encrease their sinne.
East India nothing holds that's worth her view,
There's nothing there, that thee can take for new;
Their aire-perfuming spices, pretious gum,
Their fragrant odors, pleasant, Cinamum.
All these and sweeter farre, thee breathes whose smell
Doth all things but it selfe, highly excell:
Once to my friend I did these lines rehearse,
Who streight way smil'd, and did applaud my verse.
But Ah! I feare 'twas my Florella's name
That brib'd his tongue, so to belie my fame.
Once, and but once, I chanc't to have the sight
Of my Florella, who makes darkenesse light:
When leaden Morpheus did her sence surprize,
In the lock't casket of her closed eyes,
Faine would I steale a kisse, but as I strove,
Those scarlet * Judges of my sleeping love
Did swell against my pride, and angry red,
Charg'd mee stand backe from her forbidden bed.
While they her precious breath did seeme to smother,
Each privately did steale a touch from th'other,
I envious at their new begotten blisse
Was bold on her soft lips to print a kisse.
At which she wak't: And have you ever seene
How faire Aurora, heavens illustrious Queene.
Shakes off her sable Robe, and with a grace
Smiles in the front of a faire morning face.
Just so my love, as if night had beene noone,

* *Her lips.*

Discards

Diſcards the element of the uſeleſſe moone:
And from her glorious tapers ſent a fire,
To light the darkeſt thoughts to quicke deſire.
While thus from forth her roſall gate ſhe ſent,
Breath form'd in words, the marrow of content.
And have you Sir, at ſuch a tempting time
Betrayd my honour, to this welcome crime,
By ſtealing pleaſure from me, twas thy Love
I know, that did thee to this treſpaſſe move,
For I have prov'd thy faith, which ſince I finde
The truſty Inmate of a loyall minde,
Of force I muſt accept it; and in part
Of recompence, afford thee all my heart.
Thus having ceaz'd my prize; I told her, ſweet,
As by no fouler name we ere may greete,
So what is mine I tender, all, my ſelfe,
The pooreſt part of thy unvalued wealth.
Thou haſt won much in this, thy mercy ſhowne,
That thus at laſt thou doſt receive thy owne
Leaſt they who after me like fate ſhall prove,
Should ſay: See what it is to be in Love.

Iam in portu.

Loves Apoſtacy to his friend M^r. E. D.

Tut, let her goe, can I indure all this,
Yet dye, to doate upon a Maydens kiſſe?
Is there ſuch Magicke in her lookes, that can,
Into a foole, transfigurate a man?
Didſt thou not love her? true: and ſhe diſdaine
To meete thy vertue? let her meete her ſhame.
Were ſhe as faire as ſhe her ſelfe would be,
Adorn'd with all the coſt of bravery:

Could

Could ſhe melt hearts of flint, and from her eye
Give her beholders power to live or die,
I'de rather begge ſhee would pronounce my death,
Then be her ſcorne, though that preſerv'd my breath.
Riſe heart! and be not fool'd: S'foote what a flame
Were it for thee to re-incenſe one flame
From the declining ſparke? doſt thou not know
As ſhee's a woman, her whole ſexe doth owe
To thine all honour? her falſe heart and pride
Dare not oppoſe thy faith: then turne high tyde,
And let her, ſince her ſcorne doth ſo diſeaſe thee
By her repentance ſtrive againe to pleaſe thee.

The broken heart ſong.

Count the ſighs, and count the teares,
Which have in part my budding yeares:
Comment on my woefull looke,
Which is now blacke ſorrows booke.
Read how love is overcome,
Weepe and ſigh, and then be dumbe.
Say it was your charity
To helpe him whoſe eyes are dry.
Here paint my Cleora's name,
Then a heart, and then a flame,
Then marke how the heart doth fry
When Cleora is ſo nigh.
Though the flame did doe its part,
'Twas the name that broke the heart.
Peace, no more, no more you need
My ſad hiſtory to read.

Fold

Fold the paper up agen,
And report to other men
These complaints can justly prove
Hearts may breake, that be in love.

Women are mens shadowes.

1.

FOllow a shadow, it flies you,
Seeme to fly it, it will pursue.
So court a Mistresse, she denies you,
Let her alone, she will court you.
Say, are not women truly then
Styl'd but the shadowes of us men?

2.

At morne and even, shades are longest,
At Noone they are or short or none.
So men at weakest, they are strongest,
But grant us perfect th'are not knowne.
Say are not women truly then
Styl'd but the shadows of us men.

Per Ben. Johnson.

Women

Women are not mens shadowes.
E Contra.

1.

The sunne absented, shadowes then
Cease to put on the formes of men.
But wives, their husbands absent, may
Beare best their formes (they being away)
Say, are not women fally then
Stil'd but the shadowes of us men.

2.

Shadowes at Morne and Even are strong,
At noone they are, or weake, or none:
Women at Noone are ever long,
At night so weake they fall along.
Say, are not women fally then
Stil'd but the shadowes of us men?

3.

As bodies are contracted, shadowes so
Contract themselves to formes as bodies doe:
Let men be bounded neere so close: I wish,
Women will rove and ramble where they list.
Say, are not women fally then
Stil'd but the shadowes of us men?

To his worthy friend Miſtreſſe.

I charge thee by thoſe eyes of thine,
Give mee my heart:
Thoſe eyes that ſtole it out of mine,
I felt the ſmart.
And leaſt the theft you ſhould deny,
Looke where you keepe it in your eye.

And now I have eſpy'd it there,
Thinking to catch it;
You chaine and wind it in your haire,
But ſtill I watch it:
And ſo got looſe from thence, it flyes,
And ſports agen upon your eyes.

Though now to cozen mee you ſeeke
Thinking to hide
It in the dimple of your cheeke
I have diſcry'd:
How now diſcovered it doth skip
'Twixt the ſoft priſon of each lippe.

Yes, yes, I ſee it ſtealing, goe
Leaſt I ſhould find it,
Through the long gallery of ſnow,
And ſtill I mind it.
How you have ſhuffled it betweene
Your breaſts, not thinking it is ſeene.

See, see, I see it creeping in
(neare you I feare)
Through the small crannies of your skinne
to shelter there.
As if that vaile could cosen mee,
Alas, I know things I not see.

But if, nor eye, nor haire, nor cheeke,
Nor lip, nor breast, nor heart it keep:
Give me them all, for every part
Thou hast, has part of mee; my heart.

To Mistresse.

Whi'e a the lockes of time, and smoother farre
Than sliding streames thy skinne and tresses are,
Sweete as Arabian Odors, when in fire
Their strugling spirits upwards do expire,
(When as the curteous wind doth court our sence,
And ravish it with sweete intelligence)
Is thy pure breath: onely this difference know,
That sent is sorc't, but thine is naturall so,
Soft as the plumie nosse that over-spreads
The tender circle of young Turtles heads,
Are thy two breasts, which enviously do swell
To thinke that that should this, this that excell:
And yet asham'd of such strife their pride hath bred,
Both blush and tip themselves with bashfull red.
Types, locks, streams, odors, downe, nor blushes, are
So red, so soft, so sweet, so smooth, so faire.

On

On a Lillie now withered in her boſome.

Bleſt in thy happy bed faire Lilly lye
To ſhade thee from the Sunne of her bright eye:
But doe not in a wanton pride preſerre
Thy ſelfe, as adding whiteneſſe unto her.
Alas! what glory could in thee appeare
So eminent, if not tranſplanted there?
But ſee, thou fadeſt already, poore, proud flowre,
Whoſe fate is limited to one ſhort howre:
And ſince thou wouldſt for ſuch a beauty vie,
Thy conquer'd envie makes thee pale and dye.

Come ſit thee downe, and with a miſtyn charme
Ceaze my incircled arme,
Till lockt in faſt, imbraces wee diſcover
In every eye a lover,
Then loſt in that ſweete extacy of bliſſes,
Wee'le ſpeake out thoughts in kiſſes.
In which wee'le melt our ſoules, and mixe them ſo,
That what is thine or mine, there's none ſhall know:

Rare miſtery of love, and wonders too,
Which none but wee can doe:
Nor ſhall the leaden ſpirits of all thoſe,
Who ſpeake of love in tame proſe:
Beleeve our joyes: But dully cenſure us,
Onely for loving thus.
Ah! how I ſmile, that doubtly bleſt, we doe
Injoy our ſelves, and all their envie too.

The Choyce.

WHat care I though she be faire
Haire, snow-like hand, or Sun-like eye,
If in that beauty I not share,
Were she deformed, what care I.
What care I though shee be foule,
Haire swarthy hand, or sunne burnt eye,
So long as I enjoy her soule,
Let her be so, why what care I.
Dimme sight is coffined with a glasse,
Of gaudy gowne, or humerous haire,
Such gold in melting leave more drosse
Than some unpolish't prices share,
Be she faire, or foule, or either,
Or made up of both together,
Be her heart mine, haire, hand, or eye
Be what it will, why what care I.

EPITAPHS.

Epitaphium Regis Swedorum.

HEre sleepes hee who was and is
The subiect of eternall blisse.
Religion, and no other end,
Caus'd him his blood & means to spend.
He conquer'd all, onely his breath,
He lost, by which he conquer'd death.

Now would'st thou know whom we deplore
'Tis Sweaden, Reader, haste no more:

Lest while thou read, thou and this stone
Be both alike, by death made one.
For death and griefe are neare of kinne,
So thou might'st die, being griev'd for him.

THO. BASTWICK.

An Elegy on the death of the renowned, and victorious Gustavus Adolphus *King of Sweathland.*

Can the dry sound, Hee's dead, no more affright
The world with terrour, than had some meane knight,
Languish't to death in downe? or can the sound,
That Sweaden hath received a fatall wound
Passe by, and like the bullet, hurt no more
Than his stout brest, that felt the mortall sore?
Oh no! it rankles in each weak'ned part,
And strikes a chill amazement to the heart
Of feeble Christendome, that by his losse,
Puts on it's titles badge, The Christian Crosse:
And 'twas a great one too, yet let none wonder
That heaven forbore to ring his knell in thunder:
Or that some angry Meteor did not flare,
And to the world their publique losse declare.
No, no, some such Ambassador as this
Had beene too mercifull, and made us misse
Our just deserved punishment, for wee
Knowing our sinne begot this misery,
Might by a faign'd repentance have procur'd
A pardon for the Prince: but now affur'd
Of our owne weaknesse, we with teares may say,
We are losers, though our army wonne the day.
His death begot his conquest, and his foes
Mourn'd at his fate, witnesse those death wing'd blows
Which heaven, by meanes of his impressure steele,
Did make their bleeding carcasses to feele.
Then what remaines? but that our prayers gaine

This be the lateſt loſſe we may ſuſtaine,
And that no more of Heavens great Champions fall
Through our default, to ſo ſad funerall.

To the truly worthy, and his worthily honoured friend Mris Judith Dyke, *on the death of her brother* Mr John Dyke, obiit vlt. Martii 1636.

TAmely, and ſoft as the Propheticque breath,
That pants, the fatall paſſing bell of death
Move my ſad ſoule, and to his happy hearſe,
Pay the deſerved tribute of thy verſe.
And you bleſt maid, whoſe griefe hath almoſt wonne
Death by your griefe to make you both but one,
Ceaſe your laments, for how can you be croſt
In this, ſince what God finds, can neere be loſt?
And wiſely thinke you may offend in this,
Love hath its errours, and may doe amiſſe.
Death may looke dreadfull in an ill mans eye,
'Tis no great thing to live, but leſſe to die:
To die indeed, as Common people doe,
That with perplexed ſoules bid earth adieu,
And by neceſſity of Law compeld,
Their ſtrugling ſpirits to the Coffin yeeld,
Were matter worthy griefe, and onely they
Are like the houſes that entombe them, clay:
But where the ſoule (like his) rapt with deſire,
Diſdaines dull earth, and aymes at glories higher:
And by a bright Angelicke fire inflam'd,
Mounts towards heaven, as oft as heares it nam'd;
Like a ſweete odor upward as it goes,
It yeelds a perfume to th'Almighties noſe:

And hence ascended, 'tis not just that wee
Lament at its exalted dignity.
And sure no matter if wee must away,
Whether it be to morrow, or to day;
And if to day, at morne, or night, or noone,
So wee die well, what need we care how soone.
I know the fertile soyle of his pure heart
Gave warmth to every vertuous roote of Art:
And had the August of his age bin come
They had bin crown'd with a blest harvest home.
But now hee's clouded from your eyes to show,
That none but Angels worthy are to know
What hee shall aged be; Oh! 'tis a fate
VVorth your best thankes; that day deserves it's date,
Be registred to Glory, when his Maker
Made him, of him and all his blisse partaker.
Now dare you loose a teare, unlesse it bee,
Because you are not happie yet as hee?
'Tis charity to wish you so: but then
As you know how, yet God knowes' better when,
Death comes to call, yet not to call as one;
Though all men die, yet good men, well alone.
The Sunne's not lost, but set, the approaching day
Shall make it's light more glorious by delay:
If then in death such differences consist,
Desire so to dissolve to be with Christ.

So prayes for you, your true friend

The. Beedome.

Encomium

Encomium Poetarum ad fratrem Galiel Scot.

TWice I began, and twice my trembling hand
Startled from what my Genius did command,
Lest harmelesse it should hazard all my fame,
And my attempt win nothing but selfe shame.
It deem'd the praise of Poets worth the pen,
Rather of Angels, than of mortall men.
My bolder heart bid on: for blind men may,
Although not see, yet know there is a day,
And said (perhaps) my credit I might save,
The proverbe sayes, nought venter nothing have.
Then come, yea Muses were you nine times nine,
I could imploy you in this worke of mine.
Fill my wide sailes, that while you stand my friend,
I may swimme safe unto my journey's end.
Since the first Mistique Chaos did entombe
The earths faire fabricke in confusions wombe.
There is no art can plead antiquity
Before the heavenly birth of Poesie:
I speake of those arts which this day we call,
As witnesse to their nature: Liberall.
Next by th'effect the worth of things is knowne,
They in respect of this seeme to have none.
The end of verse is to preserve from death
VVhat ever from a Poet tooke its breath:
VVitnesse that golden age, whose fame lives still
By some few drops, from Naso's golden quill.
He rescued Saturnes Godhead from the ground,
And by his lines his aged temples crown'd.

He in a braſſe-outlaſting paper page,
Created thee, Great Jove, a ſilver age:
Apollo for his Daphne, to his Layes
Owes a rich wreath of thunder-ſcorning bayes,
One petty blaſt from his immortall breath,
Preſerv'd Diana's chaſtity from death.
Nor need Acteon take it much in ſcorne,
That Ovid did cornute him with a horne.
Homer yet lives, whoſe pen for want of eyes,
Did point his name the way to kiſſe the skies.
Young ſchollers in the darke might grope like fooles,
Were not he plac't the lanthorne of the Schooles.
The world had loſt among it's Worthies, one *Alcides.*
Who had not Homer ſung, had neere beene knowne.
Ulyſſes act had periſh'd like a toy,
Had this blind guide not led him out of Troy,
And rapt his memory up ſo ſafe in rime,
That it ſhall equall, if not out-live time.
Maro, thy lines great Cæſar hath extold,
That paid each ſeverall verſe a piece of gold,
Yet thought his purchaſe eaſie, and did more
Eſteeme thy wit, than all his wealth and ſtore,
And juſtly too, ſince what thy labour ſpent
On him, laſts longer than his monument.
This (Rome being fired) is aſhes, but his name
Lives Salamander-like, ſpight of the flame.
Didſt thou nor ſnatch Aeneas from that fire,
That up to Illions Turrets did aſpire,
And bor'ſt his feeble father by thy pen
On his ſons ſhoulders, through an hoaſt of men?
For which, thy ſelfe, great Virgill ſhalt remaine
To endleſſe times, even till thou riſe againe.
No envious fire thy able skill ſhall burne,

Till fire and earth into one substance turne,
Till when (that I may come to speake our dayes)
Daniel thou liv'st circled with breath for bayes.
Nor Spencer to whose verse the world doth owe
Millions of thankes can unremembred goe:
Nor thou great Johnson, who knowst how to write
Such lines as equall profit with delight,
Whil'st thy untired readers wish each sheete
Had beene a volume, 'tis so neate, so sweete.
Next, fame seemes charily to spread her wings,
O're what the never dying Drayton sings,
Still lives the Muses Apollinean son,
The Phœnix of his age, rare Harrington,
Whose Epigrams when time shall be no more,
May die (perhaps) but never can before.
This cloud can witnesse that a Poet may
Bring darknesse out of light, make night seeme day.
These can make lawes, and Kingdomes, alter States,
Make Princes Gods, and poore men Potentates.
An amorous verse (faire Ladies) winnes your loves,
Sooner than buskpoints, farthingalls, or gloves:
A Poets quill doth stand in greater stead,
Than all such toyes to gaine a maiden head.
A line well writ, and by a Potent skill,
Charmes the rapt soule with musique of a quill.
VVhilst the by-standers deem't a blisse to die,
Tickled to death by such sweet harmony.
Againe, if thou deserve the Muses frowne
(Wretch that thou art) a quill can hurle thee downe,
To that abisse of ignomy, that fate,
Cannot condemne thee to a baser state,
I will make each finger point at thy disgrace,
And like a Monster each man shun thy face:

VVhile

VVhile thou thus branded, finding no reliefe,
With a ſtrong halter choakeſt thy ſtronger griefe,
Thus Poets like fates factors here do hold
All power underneath their pens controld.
Laſtly deare brother, thinke not I forgot,
Amongſt this learned file to ranke my Scot:
Thy early Muſe ſings in ſo ſweete a ſtraine,
As if Apollo had compos'd thy vaine;
Superlatively taking, while each letter
Diſdaines our Moderne Poets ſhould ſing better.
Now faints my pen, and fainting feares that I
My ſelfe may periſh, if with clemencie,
My reader cenſure not, yet hopes to raiſe
A memory to it ſelfe, though not of praiſe;
That I being earth, ſomething may live of mee
Perhaps this paper if approv'd by thee.

Againſt prejudicate opinion.

THe humble ſoule, the mind oppreſt,
Shall finde unto his conſcience reſt:
The cleare in heart, the ſingle eye,
Laughs at his neighbours jealouſie,
Then let men cenſure what they can,
The inſide makes the honeſt man.
Who'ld thinke a clod of earth ſhould hold
Within, a maſſe of ſplendent gold?
So ſilly woods have fragrant ſmels,
And Pearles are found in ſordid ſhels;
Baſe ſcabbards hold approved ſwords;
And leatherne covers golden words.
Digge up the earth, and burne the wood,

The

The gold, and smell will both be good;
Unsheath the blade, the hooke untye,
One takes your heart, to'ther your eye,
Had these laid still they might have gone,
Though hardly worth the looking on:
Then judge what folly there had beene
To censure any thing unseene.

——Mors æquo pede pulsat
Pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres.

MAns life's a game, each hath his card in's hand,
And death a while a looker on doth stand:
At last hee shuffles in a gamester too;
Then cuts, deales, rubbes, and winnes, and so adieu.
(The King like common creatures) in death must
Find no respect, nor reverence in the dust:
Their royalty put off, their state laid downe,
There sits a clod of dirt, where once a Crowne.
Their eyes like expir'd tapers drop, and fall,
And leave their Sockets empties for the Ball,
Or golden Globe, which once their hands did keepe,
A knot of wormes doth role about, and creepe,
Who tast no difference 'twixt their flesh and those
Who fed lesse dainty, wore farre courser cloathes.
In his dominion Death impartiall knowne,
The King and begger there are all but one.
Rejoyce then rich men, and your game pursue,
In death I'le be as good a man as you.

To

To the Noble Sr Francis Drake.

DRake, perrerati novit quem terminus orbis,
Et cujus faciem vidit uterque polus.
Si tacuant homines facient te Sydera notam,
Sol nescit cunctis non memor esse sui.

The Translation.

DRake, who the world hast conquer'd like a scrole;
Who saw'st the Articke, and Antarticke Pole;
If men were silent, starres would make thee knowne,
Phœbus forgets not his companion.

To his friend Mr Em. D. *on a rich vapring sot, whom hee stiles* Ignoramus.

BLesse us! why here's a thing as like a man,
As Nature to our fancie fashion can.
Beshrew mee, but he has a pretty face,
And weares his rapier with indifferent grace.
Makes a neat congie, dances well, and sweares:
And weares his Mistresse pendant in his eares:
Has a neat foot as ever kist the ground,
His shoes and roses cost at least five pound.
Those hose have not a peere, for by relation,
They're cut a moneth at least since the last fashion.
He knowes two Ladies that will vow there's none
At Court, a man of parts, but he alone.

And

And yet this fop, ſcarce ever learn'd to know
The mixture of the diſ-joyn'd Chriſt-croſſe row.
Strip off his ragges, and the poore thing is then
The juſt contempt of underſtanding men.
Being Fortunes minion, Nature thought it fit,
Since he had wealth enough, he ſhould want wit.

To my matchleſſe friend, my deareſt William Scot, *a New-yeares guift.*

How ſhall I thanke my fate that wrought this end
To my beſt wiſhes? that thou art my friend.
I may loſe all (if I have any) wealth,
My ſickneſſe may bereave mee of my health.
Bondage may ſteale my freedome, but my love,
Which is a ſacred bleſſing from above
Can neere be wanting, ſince 'tis lock't in thee,
Who art true friendſhips ſafeſt treaſurie.
It joyes mee that my ſoule ſo well did light
To dwell with thine, thou that doſt ſpeake, and write,
And thinke the ſame with mee, as if my ſpirit,
Did nothing elſe but what is thine, inherit.
If e're (which heaven defend and ſtill uphold)
Our league ſhould breake: Oh! horror to be told,
And that the knot of our ſtrong amity,
Should be diſſolv'd by any crime in mee,
Then count mee lighter than my fleeting breath,
Show by this paper, and I'le bluſh to death.
But I feare no ſuch miſchiefe, ſince our love
So aptly in each others ſoules doth move.
No Rhetoricke can my zeale to thee impart,
So well I love thee, that thou haſt my heart;

And

And that my action may concord with time,
Be this thy New-yeares guift, and call mee thine
Evir till death,
T. B.

The Corner stone.

'TWas a faire stone, though it was abus'd,
And by the senseleſſe builder was refus'd;
Alas their sinne blind soules, and blinder eyes,
Sought by the pride of all their industries
To polish marble, porphery, or that
On which proud folly set so high a * rate,
And with such earth-bred trifles to refine
Materiall Temples to the powre divine.
Whilst that bright stone from th'heavenly square taken,
Lies on the mountaine by these fooles forsaken.
Ah! had they knowne the value of this Jem,
It had not beene so underpriz'd by them.
Oh! when that Babell building of their sinne
Shall ruin'd dash upon themselves again:
And wanting props to under-set it shall
Uppon the builders head with terrour fall.
How will they wish this abject stone had beene
By faith well laid, them and their sinnes between:
Then had it like a storme-contemning rocke,
Secur'd their Mansions from their heavy knocke
Of wrath and judgement, both the which unjust,
Shall make them roare with woe: Oh! had I wit,
Lord be the Basis of my hopes high Throne,
And then I'le build on that strong Corner-stone.

* *Diamonds, or other pretious stones.*

The

The Royall Navy.

WHat's breath? a vapor: glory? a vaine chat:
What's man? a ſpan: what's life? ſhorter than that:
What's death? a key: for what? to ope heavens dore,
Who keepes it? time: for whom? both rich and poore:
What's heaven? a haven: what's ſhips anchor there?
Hope, faith, and love, with one ſmall pinnace feare.
What are thoſe? men of warre, how fraught? with armes:
What burthen? weighty, ſuiting their alarum?
Whoſe ſhips? the Kings: what colours? the red croſſe:
What enſignes? bloody from their Princes loſſe:
And whither bound? to earth: Oh! what's their thrift?
To conquer breath, and glory, man and life.
Oh! I foreſee the ſtorme, Lord I confeſſe,
Then vapour, or vaine chat, or ſpan I'm leſſe,
Save a relenting loe; thy glories are
More excellent in peace, than death and warre;
For to that time, that time his key ſhall lend,
And to thy tent my yeelding ſpirit ſend:
I will ſtrike ſaile to theſe, and ſtrive to prove
Thy Captive, in my hope, faith, feare and love.

EPIGRAMS.

EPIGRAMS.

Epigram 1.

To my deare friend William Harrington.

Is true (my Will.) and I confesse I owe
Thy friendship more than this: yet to bestow
A verse upon a friend, hath sometimes bin
A present worth th'acceptance of a King,
Though my pen-feather'd Muse yet cannot teach
My feeble quill to that rap't height to reach,
'Twill be no lesse content to mee, if Shee
Be but well entertain'd (deare friend of thee)
Thou art a King in friendship: and I may,
Then thus to my no little comfort say,
That too good Wills my worthlesse Muse hath won,
My Scot: and my no lesse-lov'd Harrington.

Thy friend Th. Bced.

Epigram 2.

Of one Mary Fraile, *who lay with* Mr Reason.

MAry was long desirous for to marry,
And vow'd that past fifteene she would not tarry.
I am sure this vow of modesty did faile,
Alas yet pardon her for flesh is Fraile.
No suitors came, nor could her longing eyes
Meete any that might seaze her as his prize;
But making conscience not to breake her vow,
Shee is (as then she promist) no maid now.
Though thou know'st not why she so young did sport,
I'de have thee thinke, Fraile had some Reason for't.

Epigram 3.

On the same Mary *a great lover of Mary-bones.*

WHy she doth Mary-bones affect, would'st know?
I thinke the reason is not hard to show:
The bone she cannot eate that's hard as flint,
Oh then I guesse the cause! there's something in't:
Well what's that something? Oh my Muse there sticke,
She that loves marrow likely loves a ——

Epigram 4.

To the excellent Poets Mr George Withers.

I Never saw thee: but should grossely lie
To say I know thee not, for silly I,

Or one that is more ſtupid, well may gueſſe
At what thou art by what thou doſt expreſſe.
Oh that bleſt day when firſt my willing hand
Ope the remembrance of this Sinficke land:
Truſt mee, I griev'd to thinke that now my age,
Had ſixteene ſummers acted on this ſtage:
Yet was a ſtranger to ſo rare a ſoule
As thine; whoſe heaven-bred boldneſſe durſt controle
Without reſpect of perſons, every ſinne.
That to thy knowledge had committed bin.
Then next thy Satyres, and thy Mogo, I
Made haſt to purchaſe, where I might eſpie,
How ſome too baſe for earth, not worth a name,
Sought by their mire and dirt to clay thy fame.
And credit mee, I hardly could forbeare,
Upon theſe pittied lines to drop a teare.
But that I know vertue oppos'd by fate,
Lookes greateſt (like the Sunne) in loweſt ſtate:
When other wits, who have in ſome baſe time,
Imploy'd of fate, that they might conquer time;
Shall like thoſe paper ſoyes, in which they truſt,
Be eate by wormes, or molded into duſt,
And want a name: thou by thy vermes grac't,
Shall live till earth by fire be imbrac't

Thy unknown well-wiſher Th. Beed.

Epigram 5.

By way of consolation to his deare friend William Scot, *on the death of his brother* Gilman Scot.

SUffer me (dearest friend) to bring a verse,
Though uninvited to attend the hearse:
Of him whose memory death cannot blot,
Since hee yet lives in thee (my friendly Scot)
I know the fertile soyle of his pure heart,
Gave warmth to every vertuous roote of Art.
And had the August of his age bin come,
Y'had seene him crown'd with a rich harvest home.
But now he's clouded, from your eyes to show,
That none but angels worthy are to know
What hee shall aged be: Oh! 'tis a fate
Worth your best thankes, that day deserves its date,
Be registred to glory, when heaven pleas'd
Him of his earthly flesh-encumbrance eas'd,
Yet dare you lose a teare? unlesse for joy,
That heaven in mercy gave him for the toy
Which wee call breath, a life that shall outlive,
What e're dull earth, or all your love could give.
I know the fates have lop't off from your tree
Many faire branches: which I doubt not bee
Againe, farre fairer than his muddy soyle,
Could suffer them to grow too: for the toyle
Of living was their trouble, but that care
They wisely did contemne, and so repaire
To that blest pallace, which for pious men
The maker fram'd, and now is ope agen
For this new entrance: do not then once more

Spend any uſeleſſe teare, behold thy ſtore
Of heavenly friends do ſeeme to ſmile and ſay,
Will, thou muſt follow, we but lead the way.
Which that thou maiſt, heaven fit thee with ſuch grace,
As may prepare thee to that hallowed place,
Where thou with theſe ſhalt never ceaſe to cry,
Hoſanna: Glory be to God on high.

Thine T.B.

Epigram 6.
To his friend Mr Thomas Beedom, *of ſingle life.*

HAppy is hee that leads a ſingle life,
He's not perplexed with the daily ſtriſe
Of cupled bondage, nor can tormat'd bee
With Hymens ague, the diſparity
Of minde which bodies joynd, neither doth know
What hell it is, halfe of himſelfe to owe
Unto a wife: thus happi's hee alone,
Can tell himſelfe that hee is all his owne.

Em.D.

Epigram 7.
Econtra, of Marriage.

MAn was not to himſelfe borne, nor can hee
Subſiſt in death, but by poſterity.
Women the wombes of men are, and that man
Might after death ſurvive, when nothing can
Keepe him alive but iſſue. Nature gave

Woman

Woman to him, his vaine name to ſave:
Happy the man then, who enjoyes a wife,
By whom he gives himſelfe a ſecond life.

per Th. Beedom.

Epigram 8.
Of good women.

OFt have I wondred, but no more I ſhall,
Why womens wit ſometimes ſaves men a fall.
Alas 'tis thus: I now the cauſe do ſcan,
They were the ribs, which is the ſtrength of man.

Epigram 9.
E Contrario.

IOft admired have why womens mind
Is ſo perverſe and crooked to mankind:
Mans rib at firſt to them a beeing gave,
And they like it a crooked nature have.

Epigram 10.
Being a Tranſlation of this Latin verſe, compoſed by Dr Henſloe.

Herodes pro uno trucidavit millia, nec nulla,
Quem petiit, cecidit, jam bene rem peregit.

The Tranſlation.

HErod for one a thouſand ſlew,
Yet of that one did faile,

For he from Herods fury flew,
There Herod hit the naile.

Epigram 11.

To the worthy honoured, Sir Henry Wootten Knight.

IS there eternity? or is there fame?
Rests there a glory to a vertuous name?
Is there a wreath for Poets? is there bliſſe
To a condigne diſcent? yes, ſure there is.
Can man (whoſe ſoule tis true, is active) riſe
To ſuch a height, not here, but when hee dyes?
Nay further is it in the might of man
To acquire all this? yes, by defect he can.
Then 'tis ſome joy to know it, but ſuppoſe
Some were ſo ſtupid that they durſt oppoſe
This tenet, nay, and further would imply,
That 'tis in poſſe for beſt wits to die.
How when thy clay ſhall ſleepe, ſhall thy juſt fame
Brand theſe erroneous? and convince with ſhame
Their then griev'd ſoules, to thinke thy loſſe hath lent
To their dull Tribe that deare experiment. (here,
Whil'ſt thou when Eirth ſhall mourne to miſſe thee
Above to Monarchs, ſhalt become a Peere,
And make the next age bluſh to thinke that ſhee
Retaines no equall to thy wit or thee.

To

Epigram 12.

To the same Knight being President of Eaton Colledge.

WHy should men wonder so, that Eaton Boyes,
Do by their learning purchase fame: not noise?
Doth not that Male-Minarva Wootten grace
With pollisht Eloquence 'bove all, that Place?
Oh! if each Colledge still had resident,
But halfe so rare a witted President;
'Twere to be hop'd (like this) that grace by them,
Each Colledge might become an Academ.

Yours in all service Th. Beech.

Epigram 13.

Of a fresh water Souldier.

DAnus was much in debt, and knew no way
A long forbearing creditor to pay;
And when he prest him hard: Good Sir quoth hee,
A while desist, I hope his majestie
Will in the Navy, when a place doth fall,
Make me a Captaine, then Ile pay you all.
But marke, while hee the honest man would gull
His new coyn'd lie, scarce had hee ended full,
But him an Officer i'th Kings name did greete,
And dub'd him Captaine i'th fresh-water Fleete.

Epigram 14.
Being a meditation to my selfe.

WHy wouldst thou live (fond soule) dost thou not know
From whence thou cam'st, and whither thou must goe?
Can walls of clay so much thy sense delight,
As to debarre thee from that glorious flight,
Which thou thouldst covet? canst thou idly prize
The mire, that loads thy wings unfit to rise?
Shouldst thou still live, it were but still to see
Some new sceane Acted of thy Tragidie:
Thou couldst but do to morrow, as this day
Commit fresh sinne, sleepe, eate, or drinke, and play.
No matter then how soone thou dye: then come
Prepare thy selfe to waite thy Judges dombe
Thou cam'st from heaven, then labour to draw neere
Thy quiet center, if thou once rest there,
Thy walls of clay, the mire that loads thy wings,
Shall be a Mansion for the King of Kings.
Thy Tragedy shall end, thy sinne shall cease,
And thou rest ever in an endlesse peace;
Bee't when thou please, good God, at morne or noone,
So I die well, no matter, Lord, how soone.

Epigram 15.
To himselfe of his Mistresse.

WHat though thou merit not? why know there lyes
Vail'd in the Courteous candor of her eyes,

A ſaving mercy, that can lend a wing
For dull deſpaire to mount on, tis a thing
Beyond the common reach, to know how ſweete
He lives, that doth in death a pardon meete.
But thou art poore, true: but her better part,
Neere lookt upon the habit but the heart.
Shee that has vertue cannot doate on thoſe
Whoſe beſt perfection is a ſuite of cloathes.
Who Court th' attracting beauties of the age
With ſome con'd ſtuffe brought from the Cockpit
Or gull their Miſtris by ſome Poeme ſhowne (ſtage,
Which, 'cauſe they paid for, they dare call their owne.
When, if their braines were ranſackt you might know,
They neire Commenc't beyond their criſſ-croſſe row.
Then hope (poore heart) and ſtrongly that ſhe will
At laſt embrace thee, for ſhe hath the skill
To ſchoole the firſt with frownes; that ſo her favour
May, when ſhe ſmiles, laſt with the ſweeter ſavour.

Epigram 16.

To his Superlative Miſtris.

COmpare the Bramble to the ſtately Pine;
The fruitleſſe Thiſtle, to the vertuous Vine.
Compare the Charcole to the Snow-white Downe,
The wreath of Ruſhes to th' Imperiall Crowne.
Compare the Raven to the Turtle Dove;
The Moores of India to the Queene of Love.
Compare the Candle to the ſplendent Moone
The fogges of nigh', to Phœbus eye at noone.
Compare the Kite to ſweete breath'd Philomell,
The Lerman Lake to th' Helliconian Well.

If

If these admit comparison, then thee
That can admit of no equalyty,
May find a paralell: but let some men
Racke their dull braines to praise their Mistresse, when
The utmost of their language they have spent,
Let them sit downe, and sigh, and be content:
Their Idols eyes to Sunbeames to compare
Or by the rose her blased lips declare.
My Mistresse must beyond their Saints survive
In that unequall'd height, superlative.

Epigram 17.

To his intimate friend William Pearle.

'Twas not a slight acquaintance that could move,
This fabrication to thy matchlesse love.
I do not use to ground affection where
A complement alone invites the eare.
No, I have prov'd thee, and thy pretious name
Confirmes thy nature to be like the same.
A glorious Gem, whose lustre doth outshine
All those poore merits that I dare call mine.
And I must prize thee, since thy worth is showne
Superlative and farre above mine owne.
Suffice it that my friendship, and my Art
Strives still to weare thee Pearle, upon my heart.

Epigram 18.

To the Heroicall Captaine Thomas James, *of his diſcovery made by the Northweſt paſſage towards the South Sea.* 1631.

HEroicke ſoule, thy memory muſt live,
Beyond thoſe ſtone built ſtructures, that can give
Their earth an Ages talke; or can aſſure
The effigies of ſome mony Gull ſhall dure,
Till ſpiders eate his memory: Oh poore glory,
T'inſcribe a Marble with the tedious ſtory
Of ſome ſtout Sir, whoſe vertue neere was more
Than how to quarrell, fight (perhaps) a whore,
But thou (great James) haſt by thy Actions fram'd
A trophie, that hereafter thou being nam'd,
Men ſhall riſe up with reverence, and keepe
Thy fame from freezing, when thy Aſhes ſleepe.

To the ſame Captaine on his Contagious, and pious behaviour in the ſaid voyage.

MArchleſſe Commander, when fierce winds did hurle
Water to aire, and made the old waves curle
To mounts of ſolid liquor, when ſtrong ſtreames
Of moving marble did aſſault thee James.
Did not thy conquer'd courage, like the reſt
Flag, and ſit heavie on thy hopeleſſe breaſt?
Didſt thou not faint to heare the Thunder roare,
And furious ſeas rebell againſt the Shoare?

Didſt

Didſt thou nor quake at this? why then I ſee
Thy ſoule (though priſon'd in thy fleſh) was free,
Thou wert above a man, thy zeale like fire
Diſſolv'd th'oppoſing Ice, and did aſpire,
Through all the ſtormes of darke condenſed ayre,
Wrapt in a iheere of ſtorme-contemning prayer;
Theſe were prevailing blowes, and broke more Ice
At once, then all your hands at ten-times twice.
This man'd your ſhip ſecurely through the maine,
And ſtered you ſafely to your home againe.

J. B.

Epigram 19.

A Complaint of his ſeparation from his Miſtris, cauſed by his friends injunction.

DEare Heart, remember that ſad hower,
When we were forc't to part,
How on thy cheekes I wept a ſhower,
With ſad and heavy heart:
About thy waſte my Armes did twiſt,
Oh! then I ſighd, and then I kiſt.

Ten thouſand feares and joyes in one,
Did ſuch diſtraction frame,
As if the liveleſſe world would runne
To Chaos backe againe.
Whilſt my poore heart, amidſt theſe feares,
Lay barhed in my milkewarme teares.

Ah,

Ah then I thought, and thinking wept,
How friends and fate did lower,
On thee Leander, how they kept
Thee from thy *Heroes* Tower,
While thunder groand, and heaven did weepe
To rocke thy sence in silent sleepe.

But fate must unresisted stand,
Oh who can it oppose?
Necessiti's a Tyrant, and
No meane in mischiefe knowes;
Else might my fairer Love and I
Unsever'd live, till one did dye.

Just so the hungry Infant from
His Mothers dugge is rane,
When his weake arme's yet spread along.
More dulcid milke to gaine;
And nothing brings the babe to rest,
Untill he sleepe upon her brest.

Thus being banisht from my Love,
And forc't to leave her sight.
No thoughts but those of her can move
In me the least delight;
But like true steele my heart doth pant,
To touch the long'd-for Adamant.

Oh let no storme of discontent
Be clouded in your browes,
Deare friends that have my being lent,
Give being to my vowes;

I will much engage my heart, if when
I say thee's mine, you'le say Amen.
Such kindneſſe to our true love ſhowne,
Shall binde us doubly then your owne.

Epigram 20.

To the memory of his honoured friend Maſter John Donne, *an Exerſary.*

BLeſt duſt, and better ſoule, to you alone,
I raiſe this ſtructure, not in Jet or Stone,
Whoſe frailety in its luſter onely can,
Tell us below, there lyes a frayler man.
But heightned by thoſe ſeverall glories which
Doe equally your better ſelfe inrich,
In thoſe rude lines, if ſuch poore things can live,
I would a memory to your being give.
Burſt ope thy Cell, bleſt ſhade, and riſe, that we
May doe ſome homage to thy excellency.
Or that thy great example may invite,
Us to a wiſh of everlaſting night,
In which thy Sun of vertue ſhall appeare,
So full, as if earth had no darkeneſſe there.
Oh happy ſpring of thine, whoſe ſeede and flower
Was ſowed and bloom'd, and withered in an hower,
For if long age be counted but a ſpan,
Thy inch of time ſcarce meaſur'd halfe a man.
But ſleepe, ſleepe beſt of ſpirits, why ſhould I
Diſturbe thy aſhes? tis a miſery,
To know thou wert, and art not, for ſo men,
Mourne, Jewels they once had, but loſt agen,
So he, whoſe bitter fate is forc't to prove,

The

The misery of a memorable Love.

Remembring what it was, and since no more
He may enjoy it as he did before,
Weepes the sad consequence, and prints thereby
His sorrowes, offerd to the Readers eye.
But I must leave thee thus, and thinke of thee,
To the mad world, a just Antipathy.
Thou were not of those men whose gowne and hood,
Must plead a wisdome, though not understood
Nor of the tribe of such as easily can,
Drop jests, or vapours upon any man.
These are the Indians, that doe friske and run,
To the false rayes of each supposed Sunne:
Simple Americans that doe ingrosse
The toyes of every noble genius,
Nor were you such whose cunning had the skill,
To murder a friend closely, nor to kill
With a pretence of safety; your just Endes
Depended not on liking of your friends.
But if the opposites of vice may be,
Expresst by any contrariety,
Let all men know, what all men wish, which is
But a content on earth, and after blisse,
Which thou art crownd with, thus some stones are set
At greater rate, then some whole Cabinet,
When thy triumphant spirit once did inne,
At the poore cottage of thy frayler skinne,
Though every thought was payment of a rent,
To high, and worthy such a tenement,
Yet as it had a knowledge did dispaire,
Because thou wouldst not tarry longer there.
It droopes and ruinates it selfe, and falls,
In every glory of its principalls.

So

So Princes in a journey having beene
The honoured guests of some poore village Inne
Are mourn'd at their departure, and now more
Grieves the sad host, then he was glad before.
Come Virgins, you whose innocency can
Embalme the memory of a divine man;
You whose unspotted glories as your faces
Preserve your fame and multiply its graces:
Whose easie goodnesse never did affect
To wound obedient spirits with neglect,
Nor triumph in the fall of former loves,
Come, come, blest Virgins bring your peacefull Doves,
And at the Altar of his sacred shrine,
Present them and your zeale, as I doe mine.
That to the world hereafter may be read,
Here innocency by Virgins wound lyes dead.

An Elegie on the death of his loving friend. J. C:

WHy should the labour of my mournefull Verse,
Find so sad subject as thy timelesse hearse?
My soule, which now is not, but where thou art,
Stayes but to tell the world we will not part.
And the glad Casket which thy ashes heares,
Shall tide me after thee in mine owne teares,
And then rejoyce that we whose hearts were one,
In death shall celebrate Communion.
Wisedome of fate: that carely did remove,
Thee hence, that I in heaven might seeke my love,
And so assure me that time thou couldst dye,
No beauty but must taste mortality.
I know my bounded every Grace

In the ſtrict limits of thy well built face,
And thought thoſe principles of beauty there
Unchangable, as bodies in their ſphere;
But I recant, and tell the world this truth,
There is no priviledge in blood or youth
Elſe how could'ſt thou, whoſe every ſmile: or breath
Was a ſufficient antidote 'gainſt death,
Have met a grave; and like a drooping flowre,
Have withered to nothing in an houre?
Sleepe while ſome Angell with a peaceſull wing,
Courtaines thy aſhes here, and hovering
O're thy innocuous breaſt by that diſplay,
Informes mee where my duſt muſt take its way,
Then my infranchis'd ſpirit up ſhall fly,
To our juſt wedding for eternity,
And pitty all thoſe enmities below,
That did with hold us from uniting ſo,
And ſmile to know that all our envious friends,
Have loſt their plot, and we obtain'd our ends:
But wee will marry here in ſpight of thoſe
That would our much wiſh't meeting interpoſe;
Death ſhall be preſt, lye cloſer ſweete, make roome
That wee may make our marriage bed thy Tombe.

My ſonne give mee thy heart.

ANd why my heart, ſince I have none,
Or if I have perhaps 'tis ſtone,
And rather than have ſuch a one,
Better have none.

Lord canſt thou chuſe no other part,
The world alas hath ſtole my heart

Pleasure intis't it by strange Art
From mee to part.

One Angell lust, and all the rest
Possesses it, or else as bad a guest,
And in the midd'st there is a neast
For sloath to rest.

Envie would have it all, but pride
Disdaining, any should divide
Possession there.

Enter and then, as tyrants who,
By bloud are rais'd, their states undoe,
Doth domineere.

The Petition.

HEare mee my God, and heare mee soone,
Because my morning toucheth noone,
Nor can I looke for their delight,
Because my noone layes hold on night:
I am all circle, my morne, night, and noone,
Are individable, then heare mee soone.
Thou art all time my God, and I
Am part of that eternity:
Yet being made, I want that might
To be as thou art, Infinite:
As in thy flesh, so be thou Lord to mee,
That is, both infinite, and eternity,
But I am dust, at most, but man,
That dust extended to a span:

A ſpan indeed, for in thy hand,
Stretch'd or contracted, Lord, I ſtand,
Contract and ſtretch mee too, that I may be
Straightned on earth, to be enlarg'd to thee.
But I am nothing, then how can,
I call my ſelfe, or duſt, or man?
Yet thou from nothing all didſt frame,
That all things might exalt thy name,
Make mee but ſomething, then my God to thee,
Then ſhall thy praiſe be all in all to mee.

WHen firſt of ſinne I tooke ſurvey,
Sinne that firſt wrought poore mans decay,
Mee thought the ſeeming pleaſures that it wore
Betray'd a face
So full of grace
That I deſir'd it more and more.

As rattles babies, and ſuch toyes,
Are the full bundles of childhoods joyes
I reſted in appearance little knowing,
That ſuch vaine things,
Which ſorrow bring,
An alteration in their growing.

As warning once deſcri'd from farre,
Through ſome darke cloud a glimmering ſtarre,
That lead mee on to ſeeke its luſtre out,
Her that makes all
Anſwer'd his call,
Had turn'd my error quite about.

Did'ſt thou not God, divide thoſe ſeas,
Ægypt and Iſraels death and eaſe,
When ſeparated waves like Mountaines ſweld
On either ſide
To quench their pride
That 'gainſt thy edict did rebell.

God, didſt not thou rebuke thoſe ſeas:
Natures great burthen and diſeaſe
When Peters Faith, his failing ſtrength did cheriſh:
When calling loud
I'th watery cloud,
He cry'd, ſave Maſter or I periſh.

Thou did'ſt my God, and thou the world,
And ſinne my beaten Barke have hurl'd
In a more deſperate ſtorme, yet ſtill I ſee,
And heare the ſay,
To thy poore clay,
Is any thing too hard for mee.

The Inquiſition.

1.

VVHere art thou God, or where is hee
That can diſcover thee to mee,
The worlds without thee ſure, for here
Doth domineere
Hell, fleſh, and ſinne, thou art not there.

2.

Doth Aire thy bleſſed ſpirit hold,
And from our eyes thy light unfold,
Thou art not there my God, for here
Doth domineere
Satan, aires Prince, thou art not there.

3.

Or doth thy ſacred eſſence keepe
Court in the Chamber of the deepe;
No ſure my God, not ſo, for here
Doth domineere
Leviathan, thou art not there.

4.

Doth flames too ſubtill for our ſence
To ſpy impaild thy excellence;
No ſure my God, not ſo, for here
Doth domineere
The fiery Prince, thou art not there:
In none of theſe confind, yet thou doſt ſcatter
Thy preſence, through both, earth, aire, fire, & water.

5.

Each place containes thee God, yet thou
Art no where, no where doſt remaine:
Though every place wee thee allow,
No place we know can thee containe.

Then I have found thee now though here,
Nor here thou art not yet, thou art
Both there and here, be any where,
So thou bee in my heart;
Where being Lord, let that thy closet bee,
To keepe thee safe in mee, and mee in thee.

A Proud man.

Vile worme of dust, vaine clay how durst thou venter
To swell thy selfe above the earth, thy center;
Vapors exhal'd and lifted to the skies,
Or dissipate or else prove prodigies:
Why being nothing art thou Bold to d'on
The inglorious itch of exaltation,
And by a petulant pride disdainst to bee
More heightn'd by a selfe humility;
As if the Babell of thy thoughts could shroud
Th'aspiring battlements within a cloud,
And so the mighty machin safely stand,
Whose weaker basis is but moise and sand,
Strange mystery of sinne, that drives us on
As farre as heaven to find perditions
For were thou there, and prov'd to bee so then.
Heaven would cast downe a devill once agen:
Yet thus perhaps thy pride might fitted bee,
The Prince of Devils, doth but equall thee:
Change but the subject and some sins admit,
To humble minds a happy benefit.
To kill the man of sin, to covet grace,
To presse by violence to Gods holy place,
Contention for a Crowne, for blessing strife,
Are sins that kill mortalyty with life,

But to be proud, not to be proud addes more
Sinne to that pride, than pride had sinne before.

Meditation.

1.

MY God came downe in thunder once, but then
The founes of men
Affrighted at the dreadfull cracke,
Sounded, fell backe,
Desiring not his presence so agen.

2.

My God came downe in whirlewinds too, and flame,
But his great Name,
So blazon'd, did astonish more
Than heretofore,
When pointed thunder his loud Herrald came.

3.

My God came downe in flesh and blood, and then
The Sonnes of men,
To such familiar mercy call,
Their spleene and gall
To properate his hast to heaven agen.

4.

My God comes daily downe, in bread and wine,
A feast divine;

But grounds, and oxen hinder some,
They cannot come;
Exclude them then, sayes God, they are not mine.

5.

My God comes downe in each repentant teare
Which my sad feare,
Of his displeasure, and my sinne exhales
'Tis that which bales
My soule, for all the good shee's in arreare.

6.

Come to mee still, my God, or else let mee;
So thou assist my footsteps, goe to thee.
I know the way, for if to thee I come,
Thou art as well the voyage as the home.
If thou to mee, my soule no passage fears:
By thunder whirlewinde, flesh, or feast, or teares.

T.B.

The Crosse.

1.

THere is no bud, but has a good
Art finds for basest-weedes an use:
Bodies distempered with grosse blood,
Find preservation from abuse.
For did not that inforce a breach,
Who'ld use incision, sweate, or leech?

Did

2.

Did not my ſinne divine my fall,
And by my weakeneſſe ſhow my want:
Security would never call
To God, nor for his merry part.
For where there is no ſence of evill,
The ſoule benumm'd admits the devill.

3.

The heavieſt Croſſe had ſome renowne,
And ſharpeſt thornes this balſome had:
That though they were my Saviours Crowne,
They did produce a good from bad.
The cauſe moſt vile, th'effect moſt good,
That was my ſinne, but this his blood.

4.

Though bad my ſinne, it ſaved my fall,
My weakeneſſe too, my want did ſhow:
Theſe did awake me, made me call
And to my God for mercy goe.
Happy this Larum of my evill,
My ſoule awakt defie the devill.

5.

Then happy Croſſe and healing Thorne,
Light burthen, and balſamicke flower:
Eaſed by that, by this untorne,

My

My new-erected ſoule hath power,
To bleſſe you both, whoſe good effects
Spur'd up my ſtupid ſinnes neglects:
And making gaine from ſuch a loſſe,
Unto a Crowne transferre a Croſſe.

T. B.

The Reſurrection.

IS no time certaine when or how, yet muſt
Some certaine time determine I am duſt?
Muſt theſe full bones, and ſwelling veines appeare
Sapleſſe and dry, as when the falling yeare
Exhauſtes the humour from the verdant bough,
Which did greene liveries to the leaves allow?
And muſt it be from my decay reſolv'd,
That my whole fabricke once muſt be diſſolv'd?
'Tis true my ſoule, 'tis ſo: yet let no care
Drive any anxious thought how thou ſhalt feare.
There is a rich preſervative for thee,
Above all balſome, call'd fidelity,
And when my Maſſe of congregated clay,
Shall in Earths Vineyard labour out the day,
The penny ſhall be thine: and he that can
From Rockes and Stones, raiſe ſeed to Abraham,
Shall raiſe thy diſſipated duſt: and glew
Thee in coherence, with thy corpes anew.
Strange miracle! yet Lazarus can tell,
This Paradox in him, found paralell.
I doe believe it Lord: Oh! let me be,
As happy to enjoy my faith as he.

T. B.

Con-

Conſcience.

SEe the blacke clouds of my aſpiring ſinne,
Whoſe noxious exhalations beginne
To muffle up my hopes, and ſwelling high,
Terminate no where till they touch the skye:
Shrill clammarous Conſcience, doſt thou think my God
Like Baall, his chinne upon his breſt doth nod,
And waken: not unleſſe thy cry (which is
A thouſand Larums) added be to his?
Buſie Recorder, know'ſt thou not I finde,
Through the wholl ſeries of a ſinfull minde,
That 'tis enough to ſinne? the burthen's more
When after-checks tell what I did before:
And gives ill reliſh to my ſicke condition.
To taſte ſuch Viands by a repetition.
Yet happy be (my ſoule) for ſtupid ſcence,
Might ſo relaxe th'intentive Conſcience,
That from its prone endeavour it might be
No leſſe then guilty by indulgency.
Oh! proſecute me ſtill, quicke Conſcience, doe
And may I my repentance doe ſo too;
That when my Judge doth find thy judgement paſt
Appeas'd he ſay, loſt ſheepe come home at laſt.

T.B.

The Mercy Seate.

1.

PAſſing along, as I oft paſſe that way,
I heard one from the Sanctuary ſay,

Ho!

Ho! ho! come in
All you that ſinne,
And I will take the burthen cleane away.
Harke ſoule ſaid I, oh! harke, the Number's All,
The mercy and the cry both generall.

2.

With that my ſoule and I, two that had bin
Long ſtale-companions in the ſweetes of ſinne.
Approacht that place
Bright ſhine of grace,
And aſkt if ſuch a mercy lodg'd there in,
Oh yes! ſayes one, before your Throne appeare,
Take in your heart a ſigh, your eye a teare.

3.

Then to a ſpotleſſe Altar I was brought,
Where God to Man is Charrafted in thought,
Upon which ſtood
A crimſon blood.
Whoſe every drop a thouſand ſoules had bought.
And there I kneel'd, for oh! what geſture is
Or can be in this action too ſubmiſſe?

4.

I tooke and taſted from the field and vine,
Their two beſt Elements of bread and wine,
And my ſoule ſtraight
Had loſt the waight,
Which did before diſeaſe its reſt and mine.

I found the cauſe was this, that I fed,
My ſoule tooke in more God, then I did bread.

5.

Loud voice, large mercy, boundleſſe flood, ſweete vine,
Proclaime, forgive, waſh, cleanſe this ſoule of mine,
That to thy glory
I may ſtory,
Both worke and ſubject of that mercy thine.
Thine? thine my God, tis true: Oh! let me be
As neare that attribute, as that to thee.

T.B.

The Preſent.

What ſhall I doe my God for thee?
Thee, that haſt done ſo much for me.
For when I opened firſt the wombe to live
In this low ſoyle
Of ſweate and toyle,
Thou didſt the meanes and guidance give.

My age is but a ſpan or two,
A twiſt, which death can ſoone undoe:
A white, ſhot at by many an ayming dart,
A reſtleſſe ball,
Banded by all,
Adverſyies that toſſe a heart.

Then ſearch within me, and without,
Imploy thy notice round about:

Survey

Survey me well, and finde in which part lyes
A thing ſo fit,
That I may it
Preferre to thee for ſacrifice.

Though ſome preſent thee gold; or ſome
Rich Eaſterne ſmels, Myrrhe, Cynamum,
Or ſome proclaime thee in a deeper ſtraine,
Which dyes before,
'Tis twice read o're,
In its owne wombe, and tombe, the it braine.

Let me bring thee, my God, a heart,
Entitled thine in every part,
Next that, a Verſe like this, on which mine
Be longer ſet,
Than to forget,
That ſuch a preſent thou ſhouldſt fine.

Let others, ſo with men their credites prove,
They ſhow them wealth and wit; I thee my love,

T. B.

Ad punctum mortis.

IF this houre doe the buſineſſe of my age
For being borne I muſt reſolve to dye,
With what delight can I ſupply the ſtage,
Mirth cannot ſuite well with a Tragedy;
Leave me delight, and let my ſorrowes tell

Heaven

Heaven is my joy, the joy of earth my Hell.
Ægypt's the way to Canaan, what though here
The Pharaoh's of the time did me oppoſe,
Yet thy deliverance ſhall proteſt me there,
The greateſt diſcord have the ſweeteſt cloſe;
Let my aſſurance here my joyes expreſſe,
That's the good land, this but the Wildernesſe.
Onyons and Garlicke, and the fleſh-pots too,
Let them deſire that have a liſt to eate,
My pallat cannot reliſh what they doe,
Manna, my God, I know is Angels meate;
But if this place affords it not to me,
Take me to Canaan ſince it is with thee.
Art thou not beauty Lord, to whom the Sunne,
At height of glory is ſo darke a blot,
That when thou didſt obſcure thy bleſſed Sonne
The other hid his wonted light forgot.
Yet in that bleſt Eccliplſe, this turn'd ſuch light
That earth ſaw heaven, though heaven was hid in night

To the Angels.

I.

A Safe humility is wiſe,
Both to it ſelfe and others too,
I know there's ſtarres, but uſe mine eyes
To finde out what they cannot doe,
For though they both partake of light
Both have not equall ſence in ſight,

2.

And is it safe you glorious lights,
That this dull glimering sparke, my soule,
Affected to know those boundlesse heights,
Where your exalted spirits rule;
Or were my wisedome better spent
To teach my heart at home content.

3.

Yet as in dungeons we behold,
Through some small chinke a glimering ray,
And thence allured we are bold,
To thinke without there is a day,
So you discover to our sence
Your excellence by your influence,

4.

Blest Children, of a more blest Father.
He not discourse your story,
For my affections had much rather,
Partake than speake your glory,
Speake your owne glory, you that can,
Which no man ere shall know as man.

5.

And yet I care not I what Quire

Of Cherub's, Seraphin's, or Thrones.
Or Angels, lower are or higher,
Since all I know are holy ones,
If I keepe time with any Quire,
I like the seate, Ile with no higher.

6.

Farewell sweete Quire, farewell I say;
This glimpse at distance doth confute
All my discourse, and makes me pray
To know you there without dispute.
And since I long to meete, least I shall stray,
Guide you your Lover on upon his way.

T.B.

On Æternity.

GOod God! eternity, what can,
Astonish more the faith of man?
When it shall please thee God that I
On my unfriendly sicke bed lye,
And those about me shall descry
In my pale face deaths livery.
When breath shall fleete, and leave for me
The relique of deaths victory,
A grim sad coarse, oh must my light,
Astonisht soule, then take her flight,
To that long home, where it shall see
Or blest, or cast æternity?

Shall ſhee for ever, ever dwell,
Or Saint in heaven, or fiend in hell?
When ages numberleſſe are gone,
Shal't be as if wee had paſt none?
'Tis ſo my God, which when I thinke;
My ſtaggard reaſon 'gins to ſinke:
My braine turnes giddy, and weake I
Am rapt in wonders extaſie:
Forgive mee Lord, that thus preſume,
To queſtion thy eternall doome.
And ſince our minute life muſt gaine
Pleaſures eternall, or ſuch paine:
Aſſiſt mee ſo my God, that when
I ſhall forſake the ſonnes of men,
My jocond ſoule may ſainted bee,
In heaven, and thy eternity.

Em. D.

On the death of Mris. M. T.

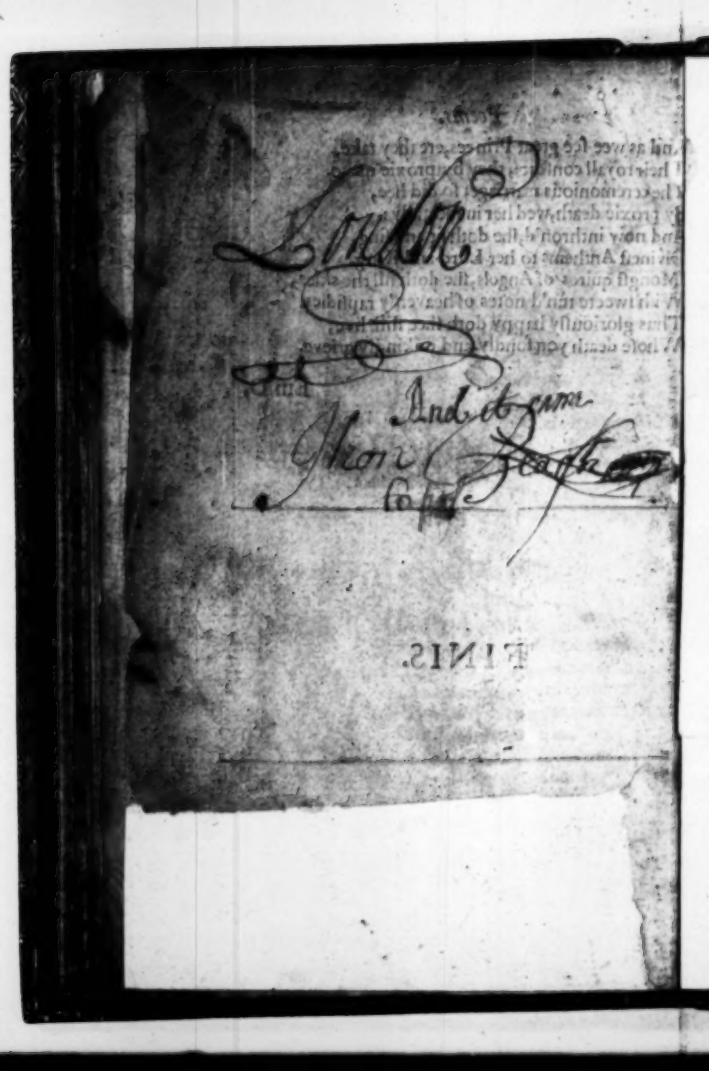
MIſtaken virgins, do not drop a teare,
She is not dead beleev't, I'le make't appeare:
That which you call a hearſe, is nought beſide
A heavenly charet, in't a glorious bride.
And that which you more fondly terme a grave,
Myſterious heaven, for her bride-bed gave
Thus you miſtaken, to a funerall haſte,
When you're invited to a marriage feaſt:
Heaven was her lover, would not be deny'd,
The welcome promiſe of ſo faire a Bride.
Which long ſince having, hee now thought it beſt
T'eſpouſe, and take her to his happy reſt.

An

And as wee see great Princes,ere they take,
Their royall consorts, they by proxie make
The ceremonious marriage; so did hee,
By proxie death,wed her immortally:
And now inthron'd,she doth sit attending
Divinest Anthems to her Lord and King,
'Mongst quires of Angels,she doth fill the skies,
With sweete tun'd notes of heavenly raptidies.
Thus gloriously happy doth shee still live;
Whose death you fondly,and unkindly grieve.

Em.D.

FINIS.



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